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STATE OF NEW YORK

In Memoriam

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

BORN: OCTOBER 27, 1858

DIED: JANUARY 6, 1919

From Owen M. Kiernan,
member of S. N. Y. assembly,
to Mrs Loretta Canavan.
Dec. 8, 1920

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SEYMOUR DURST

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Frances Louis Lockwood
Hotel Sutton,
330 East 56 Street
New York City, 22.
Room 1407
October 1, 1954.

Theodore Roosevelt

Theodore Roosevelt.

State of New York

A Memorial

to

Theodore Roosevelt

Authorized by the Legislature

February Twenty-first, Nineteen Hundred Nineteen

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J. B. Lyon Company, Printers, 1919

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

WHEN Theodore Roosevelt passed away January 6, 1919, he was sixty years and about two months old. Nearly forty years of that time had been spent actively and vigorously in the public service. He unquestionably was one of the great Americans of his time. He won international fame as a statesman and was known throughout the world for his unusual versatility in politics, literature and science. As an author he early attracted attention and his rare faculty of leadership and achievement in public affairs impressed itself upon his fellow citizens throughout a busy career.

Unlike many Americans who have won distinction, Mr. Roosevelt was not born in humble circumstances. His parents were among the well-to-do in New York city, his native place. His career was all the more wonderful because in early youth he was far from being robust. A fervent desire to serve the common people was not inspired by his early environment because his associations were those of the wealthy and not of the more humble folk with whom he delighted to mingle and to serve.

He was born in New York city October 27, 1858. On his father's side, whose mother was of Irish descent, he was also descended from a Dutch immigrant of the

seventeenth century. His progenitors were nearly all New Yorkers. Although prominent at all times in the commercial and social life of the city, there is no record of Mr. Roosevelt's Dutch progenitors in New York city having achieved distinction in public office.

Theodore Roosevelt's father was Theodore Roosevelt, son of Cornelius Van Schaick Roosevelt, and the family line goes back to medieval times in Dutch history. His mother was Miss Bullock of Georgia, daughter of James Dunwoodie Bullock, one of a family whose founder came to this country from Scotland in the middle of the seventeenth century. Her great-grandfather was the first Revolutionary Governor of the State, and her brother fired the last shot from the *Alabama* as she sunk off Cherbourg under the guns of the old *Kearsarge*. Governor Roosevelt's early education was received at Cutler's private school, a famous institution in New York. He entered Harvard at the age when young men are supposed to enter upon college life. At Cambridge he studied hard and took an unceasing interest in philosophy, history and government. The foundation for his literary career was laid there. He began by writing for the Harvard *Advocate* of which he became editor. Mr. Roosevelt did not spend all his time in his studies. He entered heartily into all the college sports; he sprinted, wrestled, sparred and played polo. In his youth he was sickly and "pigeon-chested," and he therefore regarded it as one of his first duties to make himself physically strong.

"I made my health what it is," he said. "I determined to be strong and well and did everything to make myself so. I wrestled and sparred a great deal at college, and though I never came in first I got more out of the exercise than those who did, because I enjoyed and never injured myself. I was very fond of wrestling and boxing. I think I was a good deal of a wrestler, and though I never won a championship, yet more than once I won my trial heats and got into the final heat. I was captain of my polo team at one time, but since I left college I have taken most of my exercise in the 'cow country' or hunting game in the mountains."

He especially excelled as a boxer when at Harvard, and was the champion light-weight boxer in that college, and was always ready to "put on the gloves" with any other fellow student.

After his graduation from Harvard, Mr. Roosevelt made a trip to Europe. This was in 1880. There, not content with "doing" the continent in the orthodox way, he roughed it, ascending the Jungfrau and Matterhorn, tramped through the country districts of Germany and became tolerably familiar with peasant life.

Upon his return to the United States he resolved, if possible, to become a member of the Legislature, and began taking an active part in political work, as a Republican, in his assembly district, the twenty-first of New York city. He quickly became a leader, and finally, in 1881, was nominated for the Assembly by the Republican party in the twenty-first district and was elected over his Democratic opponent to the Assembly of 1882. He put himself at the head of a body of

assemblymen, Republicans and Democrats, who were resolved that there should be reformation in some of the evils from which the government of New York State was suffering. Bill after bill was offered for this purpose, some of which received the approval of the Legislature and some did not. Speaker Patterson named him as a member of the committee on cities and he rendered great services to his constituency in that position.

In 1883 Mr. Roosevelt was once more an assemblyman; Alfred C. Chapin, Democrat, was speaker. Mr. Roosevelt was placed second on the cities committee by the Democratic speaker. During this session of the Legislature, Grover Cleveland, Democrat, was governor. It was here that Mr. Roosevelt first met Mr. Cleveland. A vigorous effort was made to secure the passage of a five-cent fare bill on the elevated railroads of New York city. The bill passed. To the amazement of everybody, Governor Cleveland vetoed it. When the veto was presented in the Assembly, Mr. Roosevelt, then 24 years old, made this remarkable speech:

" I have to say with shame that when I voted for this bill, I did not act as I ought to have acted, and as I generally have acted on the floor of this house, for the only time that I ever voted here, aside from what I think to be exactly right, I did that time. I have to confess that I weakly yielded to a vindictive spirit toward the infernal thieves who have that railroad in charge, and to the voice of New York. For the managers of the elevated railroads I have as little feeling as any man here, and if it were possible I would be willing to pass a bill of attainder against the officials of that road. I realize

that they have done the most incalculable harm to this community — with their hired newspaper, with their corruption of the judiciary and with their corruption of this house. Nevertheless, I think that we ought never to have passed this bill in the beginning, and that we ought never to pass it over the veto now, and certainly not until we have had a fair chance to look at it purely in the light of reason. I question if the bill is constitutional, and if the bill is constitutional, I think it is, in any event, breaking the plighted faith of the State. It isn't a question of doing right to them, for they are merely common thieves. As to the resolution — a petition handed by the directors of the company — I would pay more attention to a petition signed by Barney Arron, Owney Geoghagan or Billy McGlory than I would pay to that paper, because I regard these men as a part of an infinitely dangerous order of men — the wealthy criminal class."

This speech caused considerable amazement, and numerous members arose denouncing Mr. Roosevelt's allusion to corruption in the house.

Some days after this speech Mr. Roosevelt introduced a resolution annulling the charter of the Manhattan railroad; but it failed to pass.

The Assembly of 1884 was Republican. Mr. Roosevelt was again a member; Titus Sheard of Herkimer, Republican, was the speaker. Mr. Roosevelt was placed at the head of the committee on cities, and he at this time secured the appointment of a committee to investigate the affairs of the government of New York city. A special committee was appointed, Mr. Roosevelt being

appointed chairman. One of the results of the investigation was the presentation of a bill taking away from the aldermen of New York the confirmatory power of appointments made by the mayor. During a prolonged and fierce conflict over this bill, Mr. Roosevelt made many characteristic speeches. In one of them he said: "Nobody supposes for a moment that the aldermen act for themselves, and although I would not say it would be well for the city, it would be no worse for the city if they did act for themselves, but they are confessedly simply the tools of men who stand behind them. They have nothing to do but register the decrees that those in authority over them choose to issue. Since the beginning of this session we have seen the consummation of one of the most disgraceful deals that has ever disgraced even the board of aldermen. I regret to say four of the aldermen, nominally of the party to which I belong, deliberately sold their votes. These four aldermen never should have the slightest right to take part in the proceedings of any Republican primary. They have made themselves Democrats for hire. We complain very loudly about a poor man who sells his vote for a dollar or two; but what should we say of a man who sells his vote for a chairmanship of one committee or for the sake of two or three places, for a clerkship, for instance? I think the so-called respectable people of New York have many of the gravest political sins on their shoulders. They are responsible for most of our bad government. The better people of New York are responsible for having let the rogues have their way."

The report made by Mr. Roosevelt's committee as to

the condition of affairs in the offices of the county clerk, the register, the surrogate and the sheriff's offices in New York, disclosed evils which led him to introduce reformatory bills in regard to them all. In three bills introduced by him it was proposed to make the county clerk, the register and the sheriff salaried officials and to turn over their fees to the city of New York. Two of these bills were passed by the Legislature and signed by Governor Cleveland, and have since been laws of the State.

The same year, 1884, the Assembly was asked to pass a general railroad act, under which it was proposed to build a street railway in Broadway, New York. It was opposed by a corporation which wished to gridiron the city with cable railroads. When Mr. Roosevelt came to vote upon the bill, he said:

"Everyone who knows anything about the legislation knows that the presence of certain men who have been around this chamber for the last few days, for and against the measure, bodes no good for honest and efficient legislation." He said, "he stood between the devil and the deep sea. That it was a case of that he would be damned if he did and damned if he did not. If he voted for the bill he would be accused of corrupt motives, and if he voted against it the same charge would be made." He asked to be excused from voting, but this being denied him, he voted against the bill.

In 1884 Mr. Roosevelt also entered national politics. He advocated the nomination of George F. Edmunds for president, and was elected one of New York's delegates-at-large to the Republican national convention of that

year, leading the delegation. At the convention he was a notable figure.

Retiring from public life for a time in 1884, Mr. Roosevelt bought a ranch in western Dakota, near Medera, on the Little Missouri river. It was not his first visit to this part of the United States. He went west at a time when the last of the buffalo were going down before the "big hunts." The winters he passed in the Legislature, and at the beginning of the long summers he migrated to the "Bad Lands" and shot elk, deer, buffalo and antelope. He made two hunting trips, one in 1883, the last big hunt near Butte, when the whites and Sioux from Standing Rock and Pine Ridge were doing the killing. Mr. Roosevelt started his cattle ranch in 1884, and from 1884 until he was appointed civil service commissioner he passed all his summers in the west and his winters in New York.

"I was never happier in my life," he said afterward. "My house out there is a long, low house of hewn logs, which I helped to build myself. It has a broad veranda and rocking chairs and a big fireplace, and elk skins and wolf skins scattered about — on the brink of the Little Missouri, right in a clump of cottonwoods; and less than three years ago I shot a deer from the veranda."

It was there in the west, where he mingled with the cowboys and saw nature in all its simplicity, that Mr. Roosevelt got his inspiration for several of the works that have since come from his pen. In his book called "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail," he describes most interestingly the adventurous life he led as a ranchman and hunter.

In 1886 Mr. Roosevelt was nominated by the Republicans, although only twenty-eight years old, as their candidate for mayor of New York city. Abram S. Hewitt was the Democratic nominee and Henry George was the candidate on the Labor and Independent ticket. Mr. Hewitt was elected, Mr. George was second in the race and Mr. Roosevelt third.

In 1889 President Benjamin A. Harrison appointed Mr. Roosevelt a civil service commissioner, and he acted in that capacity for six years, from May, 1889, to May, 1895, which included the administration of President Harrison and the second one of Grover Cleveland. During his term the merit system was extended for many departments and employees of the Federal service, due largely to the earnestness and enthusiasm of Commissioner Roosevelt.

Upon his retirement from the civil service commission, Mayor Strong of New York city appointed him a member of the board of police of New York. In this office, as in all of the others which he held, he made for himself a reputation for thoroughness and efficiency. His aim was to elevate the police department to a higher standard; to enforce the laws against gambling and to suppress disreputable resorts.

Governor William McKinley of Ohio was elected president of the United States in 1896. Mr. Roosevelt was urged by some of his friends as a man well qualified to be secretary of the navy, but Mr. McKinley had already promised the place to John D. Long of Massachusetts, and finally Mr. Roosevelt was appointed assistant secretary.

One of the achievements of Assistant Secretary Roosevelt was the fitting out of Admiral George Dewey's squadron of ships just after he had been ordered to Manila Bay, on the Philadelphia. The great victory of Dewey over the Spaniards in the spring of 1898 was due in no small measure to the foresight of this act of the assistant secretary of the navy.

The beginning of the Spanish War of 1898 found Mr. Roosevelt still assistant secretary of the navy, but he resolved to resign his position and enter the United States Army. Chauncey M. Depew, later referring to this period in Mr. Roosevelt's life, said: "The wife of a cabinet officer told me that when Assistant Secretary Roosevelt announced that he had determined to resign and raise a regiment for the war, some of the ladies in the administration circle thought it their duty to remonstrate with him. They said: 'Mr. Roosevelt you have six children, the youngest a few months old and the eldest not yet in the teens. While the country is full of young men who have no such responsibilities and are eager to enlist, you have no right to leave the burden upon your wife of the care, support and bringing up of that family.' Roosevelt's answer was a Roosevelt answer: 'I have done as much as any one to bring on this war, because I believed it must come, and the sooner the better, and now that the war is declared, I have no right to ask others to do the fighting and stay at home myself.'"

Mr. Roosevelt raised a regiment of cavalry of rough riders; instead of heading the regiment himself, he asked President McKinley to appoint his personal friend,

Dr. Leonard Wood, a West Point graduate, as colonel, while he asked for himself the office of lieutenant-colonel.

The regiment was raised at San Antonio, Texas, from among the mining prospectors, cowboys and hunters of the southwest. They were the hardy men of the plains, accustomed to living in the open air and skilled in the use of the rifle. Roosevelt added to the regiment some college men who had won laurels in the athletic fields.

The first fight that Colonel Roosevelt and his exceptional regiment were engaged in was at La Guasimas, near Santiago, where the first guns for Cuba's freedom were fired. It was on the afternoon of June 23 when General Wheeler, who was in command of the troops ashore, was notified that the enemy was entrenched at La Guasimas, cutting off all connection with Santiago. At Siboney, which the Rough Riders had reached by making forced marches at night, it was determined to make the attack on the following morning. That night was a restless one for the Rough Riders. At five o'clock in the morning they made the ascent of the steep ridge above Siboney, and started toward the rendezvous on the trail to the west. As they were dismounted and heavily burdened with blankets, robes, haversacks, ammunition and carbines, the march under the hot sun was slow and painful. It was not long before Colonel Wood of the Rough Riders, returning from a trip down the trail to meet Captain Capron of the artillery, passed the word back to Roosevelt to keep silence in the ranks. A halt was made at a place flanked on one side by a barb-wire fence and on the other by fields of high grass, under-growth and tangled trees, which were almost impenetrable.

After reconnoitering, Colonel Wood returned and began deploying his troops out at either side of the trail. Capron was sent on ahead and the other troops stationed to good advantage. They took their position none too soon, for the enemy began firing immediately. The Rough Riders fought their way through the bushes in the direction from which the volleys came; it was a tremendous task, for the thicket was very dense. They soon broke through into a little open space and the men fell on one knee and began firing rapidly into the space where they supposed the Spaniards were concealed. The enemy's fire was hot and not more than fifty to eighty yards away. The Rough Riders were forced to lie flat in the grass and in the hottest of the fight Colonel Roosevelt ran up and lay down beside Captain Llewylan of Troop G, and eagerly talked with him. Roosevelt pointed out that it was impossible to go any further on account of the underwood of wild grapevines that screened the Spaniards. He advised that the men cross the trail and move to the left. Meanwhile the firing of the enemy was fast and accurate, for in three minutes' time nine men were disabled. The Riders went slowly to the left, and as the aim of the enemy was low they were compelled to move on their knees and crawl on their stomachs. After an hour's fighting the American line had reached a more open country. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt moved his men with the intention of taking an old distillery occupied by the enemy and a short distance from them. The advance was made by short rushes, the men firing as they ran. Roosevelt and his men showed the stuff they were made of during this manoeuvre. Bullets whizzed

close to them, so close in several instances that they left a scar on the soldier's skin. One bullet struck a tree next to Colonel Roosevelt, scattered and filled his eyes and ears with the tiny splinters. Finally the firing from the enemy became less fierce, and Roosevelt, who had picked up a carbine which he fired occasionally to give directions to the others, decided to make a charge. The men broke out of the bushes behind the trees, cheering wildly, and were met by volley after volley from the enemy, but they rushed on, cheering. This extraordinary exhibition of courage so dismayed the Spaniards that they hurriedly retreated upon Santiago. In all, there were 534 Rough Riders, and these men succeeded in dispersing four times their own number of the enemy entrenched safely behind rifle pits and bushes. This fight of the Rough Riders will go down in history as being one of the most daring exhibitions of bravery that is recorded.

The taking of San Juan Hill and the part played in that memorable engagement by the Rough Riders will live in history long after those who participated in it have gone to their final resting-place.

After leaving La Guasimas, Colonel Roosevelt said in his speech to his fellow citizens at Oyster Bay, on returning from Cuba, "We moved up to Santiago, and camped on a hillside with a ridge in front of us. At dawn our artillery got on that ridge and opened fire. That was fine music to us, but pretty soon the Spaniards began to reply, and instead of dislodging our artillery they shot over it, and the shrapnel came at us. Of course, they didn't mean to hit us, because they couldn't

see us, but that was like the Spaniards. Well, while Generals Lawton and Chaffee were pounding away at El Caney we were ordered to take the blockhouses on the hills. We went through the jungle in a hurry, forded the river and were then halted for an hour under heavy fire. I see by the papers that there has been some talk as to whether we took San Juan Hill or not. I don't know whether we did. We didn't stop to ask the name of the hill — we just took it.

" The most trying part of it all was that wait, though, for the men were being shot down like sheep. I recollect giving an order to an orderly. He rose and saluted, then fell dead across my knees. I saw Captain Buck O'Neill walking up and down in front of his men. One of them said: 'Lie down, Captain; you'll be hit.' He laughed and said: 'The Spanish bullet has not been made that can kill me.' The next minute he fell dead, a bullet hole through the head. He was a man of absolute courage, and one of the finest soldiers and men I ever have known.

" We finally got our orders to go ahead, and then began my crowded hour of glorious life, an hour I wouldn't exchange for all the rest of my life. It is pleasant to remember how the men behaved that day. I saw thirteen wounded men refuse to go to the rear, and I recall a new Mexican cow-puncher who was shot in the side, and whom I ordered to the hospital myself. Twenty minutes later he was at the front rank fighting again. After the fight he went to the hospital and had his wound dressed. While lying on a cot he heard the surgeon say that he was to be shipped home. That night he jumped

out of the hospital window and came back to camp. He fought with the regiment from then on."

Upon his return to the United States and while still in camp with his regiment at Montauk Point, Long Island, Mr. Roosevelt was nominated for governor of New York State. He was nominated at the Republican State convention and elected over Judge Augustus Van Wyck the Democratic candidate by a plurality of 17,794.

While serving his second year as governor, Mr. Roosevelt was nominated, against his will, for vice-president with President McKinley, at the Philadelphia convention. It has always been stated by some of his friends that this nomination was intended to "shelve" him politically. The following year, 1901, President McKinley was assassinated at the Pan-American exposition, Buffalo, and Mr. Roosevelt succeeded to the presidency. At the conclusion of that term, 1904, he was nominated and elected president by the largest majority every given to a candidate in any presidential election.

Largely through his influence William H. Taft was nominated and elected to succeed him in 1908. Mr. Roosevelt, on account of serious difficulties with President Taft refused to support him for renomination and election. After failing to receive the Republican nomination himself at the Chicago convention in 1912, he was nominated for the office by the Progressive convention. This split in the Republican party resulted in the election of Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic candidate.

In 1916 Roosevelt was again a candidate for president in the Republican convention. When Charles E.

Hughes was made the nominee he declined to be a candidate on the Progressive ticket and supported Mr. Hughes.

Charles Willis Thompson of the editorial staff of the New York *Times* and for many years a correspondent for New York city dailies at Washington, was an intimate friend of Colonel Roosevelt. Few newspapermen have followed Mr. Roosevelt's career so closely as Mr. Thompson. From time to time he has written of interesting incidents which came to his knowledge of the Colonel's sayings and doings. Since his death, Mr. Thompson has related some of these incidents in the *Times*. One of them he writes as follows:

" It was always strange to me to see how the solemn profundities and the unco' guid among our population used to regard this trait of his as something discreditable to him. He received visits from John L. Sullivan at the White House! He entertained Booker Washington there! He was a friend of boxers and actors! With what a sneer would they pronounce the words, 'Jack Abernathy, the wolf-killer,' and 'Bill Sewall, a guide' in listing Roosevelt's friends. Mean minds, imagining that a man would not do anything except for advantage, cast about for Roosevelt's motive. It must be that he had a motive; by which they meant a selfish one. They hit on it — it was spectacular drama to impress the crowd, or demagogic ostensible democracy to get votes. It was not possible to suppose that he actually liked these boxers and wolf-killers and reporters and wanted to be with them.

" They would have been still more scandalized if they had heard what he said to me, and to other people, too,

I suppose, at a time when a steady stream of corporation magnates was flowing in at the White House doors:

"'It tires me to talk to rich men. You expect a man of millions, the head of a great industry, to be a man worth hearing; but as a rule they don't know anything outside of their own business. You would be astonished to know how small their range is and how little they can talk about what an intelligent person wants to hear.'"

In his literary work Mr. Roosevelt was as varied as in his political activities. While in the Legislature and a young man of only twenty-four, he wrote *The Naval War of 1812* which told the story of Commodore Macdonough's victory on Lake Champlain and of the victory of Commodore Perry on Lake Erie.

After he had spent several years in the West on a ranch, he wrote *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman* which appeared in 1885 and *The Wilderness Hunter* in 1893.

His historical work in 1896, under the title of *The Winning of the West*, is an extensive description of the development of that section of the United States west of the Mississippi river. He was an enthusiastic lover of the great West. Its origin and growth were studied by him in every detail and he had become intimate with its spirit by living in it and going through its pioneer experiences.

American Ideals, in which Mr. Roosevelt discussed social and political problems, appeared in 1904 — the year that he was nominated and elected president of the United States. Other works of his on widely different topics have appeared from time to time. His

autobiography written several years before his death is a voluminous and interesting contribution to American history since it deals with a period of great events through which the nation passed. He was a prolific contributor also to magazines, newspapers and other periodicals, especially since he retired from the presidency in 1909.

Mr. Roosevelt was twice married. In 1881 he married Miss Alice Lee of Boston. She died in 1884, leaving an infant daughter, Alice Lee, now the wife of Representative Nicholas Longworth of Ohio.

In 1886 Colonel Roosevelt married Edith Carow of New York, by whom he had five children. They are Theodore, Kermit, Ethel, Archibald B. and Quentin. The latter was killed in the World War in July, 1918, when he was over the German lines in a combat airplane. All of the Colonel's sons were in that war.

For more than thirty years Mr. Roosevelt had his home at Oyster Bay, Long Island. It is known as Sagamore Hill which commands a view of Oyster Bay on Long Island Sound.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE LEGISLATURE

ON THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF

THE DEATH OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

JANUARY 8, 1919

PROCLAMATION

STATE OF NEW YORK

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER

ALBANY, *January* 6, 1919

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, a distinguished citizen of this State and known throughout the world, is dead.

Formerly a Governor of New York State, later Vice-President and then President of the nation, we should unite in appropriate marks of respect to the memory of one who for so many years was a leading figure in all things which had to do with the welfare of the nation.

It is proper that official recognition of the loss of one of our native sons of so much prominence be fittingly expressed in a manner due to the character and services of the deceased.

NOW, THEREFORE I, Alfred E. Smith, Governor of the State of New York, do hereby order the flag placed at half mast on all public buildings of the State until after the final obsequies.

GIVEN under my hand and the Privy Seal of the State at the Capitol in the City of Albany this sixth day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nineteen.

[L.S.]

(Signed) Alfred E. Smith.

By the Governor:
GEORGE R. VAN NAMEE,
Secretary to the Governor.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

January 8, 1919

At the session of the Senate, January 8, 1919, Lieut.-Gov. Harry C. Walker presiding, a resolution was adopted in memory of Theodore Roosevelt. Several of the Senators delivered brief addresses in memory of the deceased.

Senator J. HENRY WALTERS of Syracuse, President pro tem, spoke as follows:

This nation has suffered irreparable loss. In the death of Theodore Roosevelt we have lost a citizen who personified the highest type of Americanism. I feel that our loss is all the greater at this time because now that we are entering the peace period his advice and counsel would have been so helpful to the nation and to its people. His name is reverently upon the lips of every citizen of this country.

Mr. President, I offer the following resolution, and move its adoption:

Welding into one dynamic personality the rare qualities of aristocracy of both education and training with an all-pervading democracy of both thought and action, uniting the ripe judgment of the scholar and philosopher with the keen foresight of the visionary; firm and unyielding to the point of hardness, yet cloaking refusal and rebuke with such evident and overwhelming love for his fellows that they made friends instead of enemies; of indomitable will, unconquerable courage and a power of mental and physical endurance that yielded only to his Maker's demand, Theodore Roosevelt stands preeminently the most lovable, the most versatile, the greatest representative of a great and versatile people.

In his death America has lost a great statesman, a soldier who could either command or obey, an unassuming philanthropist, an undaunted

explorer; a beloved leader and wise counsellor and withal an unadulterated American — a man among men.

Resolved, That when the Senate adjourn, it do so out of profound respect for the memory of Theodore Roosevelt.

SENATOR DAVENPORT: At the close of the day when there has been laid to rest one of the greatest of the sons of men, without sound of music or word of eulogy, it is no time for speech. It is time to think and be still. America is awed into silence. The nation feels, with Rudyard Kipling, as if Bunyan's Greatheart had died in the midst of his pilgrimage. Today there has been laid to rest a great prophet of the whole of the American people. Mr. President, I second the adjournment resolution.

SENATOR DOWNING: Almost within the boundaries of his native city, on a quiet hilltop on the shore of Long Island, they laid all that was mortal of Theodore Roosevelt to rest this afternoon, and we who come from his native city do not mourn so much over his death as we rejoice in his life, in its example, in its fruitfulness, and all that it has been and all that it promises to be for America and Americans. His soul is now with God, yet the influence of his mortal life will long remain with us to be an inspiration to real Americans until time itself shall be no more. I voice the sorrow at his passing that all Americans feel at this hour, and particularly all New Yorkers. He honored his State, his country, and humanity by his service in all capacities, national or personal, and in his great mind. We mourn his passing for what he did and for what he is now for us, and for

what he will be to those who shall come after us. I can think of no better words to say of him than those said by the poet on the occasion of his death:

> With something of the savant and the sage,
> He was, when all is said and sung, a man;
> The flower imperishable of this valiant age,
> A True American.

SENATOR SAGE: Mr. President, while I feel with the first speaker that words are not the thing on this day, I feel that I wish to say a very few of them, because I knew Theodore Roosevelt when he first came to Albany and because I have known him ever since. In all that time which, when we look back on it, was a time when men were becoming soft, Theodore Roosevelt was the apostle of manliness. At a time like today, when, after this great war, a great many people, not only abroad but in this land, are talking of internationalism, are talking against what I regard as the deepest passion in human life — loyalty to one's native land — Theodore Roosevelt stands like a shining light to show what loyalty and patriotism mean and what they mean to humanity. Manliness, loyalty and Americanism! There is nothing more to say. There is nothing more that I could say in praise. I am only paying a tribute.

SENATOR FOLEY: Those of us who had the sad duty of attending the simple ceremonies at Oyster Bay today were impressed with one great fact, and that was, the contrast in Roosevelt's life and death. The utter simplicity of the ceremonies in that small church — the contrast with the pomp of emperors and kings that are

passing, and the passing of the simple American citizen, the bier decorated with the cavalry flag of the Rough Riders, the body of the former president of the United States was carried out in a simple, ordinary manner. Now I said that Mr. Roosevelt's life was one of fierce activity compared with the simplicity of his death, the manner of his death. He answered to the "one clear call" that Tennyson spoke about. His fierce activities fighting his way up as a man in public life, from membership in the chamber on the other side of this building to the executive chamber on the second floor, up to the highest office within the gift of the American people — all carry a lesson to the youth of America. The wonderful understanding he had of the American spirit, the wonderful doctrines he expressed of humanitarianism in the social side and the social needs of our people, his sweeping aside of the smaller things in accomplishing great results — as in the building of our great canal — all were typical of this great man. There can be no parties, no factions, in rendering our tribute to Mr. Roosevelt. I therefore join in seconding this resolution.

THE PRESIDENT: All in favor of the adoption of the resolution as read please arise. (Carried.)

The Senate then adjourned out of respect to the memory of Mr. Roosevelt.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE ASSEMBLY

January 8, 1919

In the Assembly, Speaker Thaddeus C. Sweet presiding, speeches were made by Assemblyman Simon L. Adler of Rochester, majority leader, by Assemblyman Charles D. Donohue of New York city, minority leader, and by other members, in memory of Mr. Roosevelt.

MR. ADLER spoke as follows:

Mr. Speaker, there was laid to rest this afternoon, in the burying ground near the little village where he made his home, a great American. Theodore Roosevelt was typical of the spirit of America in its energy, in its desire for progress and in its effort for constant improvement. I will not attempt what has been attempted by much abler persons than I, and will be attempted for many years to come, to in any way enumerate those qualities which have made him great and those qualities which have made him practically an idol of the American people. I will refer only to one achievement of his, or rather one type of achievement, which is particularly proper in these halls, and that is the effort which he made and the accomplishment which has come from it in the effort to arouse the spirit of the American people in the matter of political morality. I suppose that he has done more than any other man in this respect in the work of arousing the people to a sense of their political responsibility, to a sense of the necessity of taking a personal part in their government and in the choice of

those who are to govern them. If he had done no more than this, he would have made a place for himself in the history of the country and in the hearts of the people. I think it would not be inappropriate in this House where he began his political career nearly forty years ago to speak of his connection with this body. We are fortunate in having in his own words his impressions of the Legislature of his day, an entirely different Legislature, not so much in its makeup, but in its character, from the Legislature we have now. As I have suggested, political ideals have not changed. Methods and ideals have improved since his day, and it was his work here which started the improvement of which I speak. I have found in the *Century Magazine* printed in April, 1885, an article written by Mr. Roosevelt very shortly after the conclusion of his three years' service in this House. This article is entitled, "Phases of State Legislation," and it goes with considerable detail into his study of conditions in the Legislature of his time. I will read only a few extracts from this article which I think will be interesting to us now:

"Few persons realize the magnitude of the interests affected by State legislation in New York. It is no mere figure of speech to call New York the Empire State; and most of the laws directly and immediately affecting the interests of its citizens are passed at Albany, and not at Washington. In fact, there is at Albany a little Home Rule Parliament which presides over the destines of a commonwealth more populous than any one of two-thirds of the kingdoms of Europe, and one which, in point of wealth, material prosperity, variety of interests, extent of territory, and capacity for expansion, can fairly be said to rank next to the powers of the first class.

This little parliament composed of one hundred and twenty-eight members in the Assembly and thirty-two in the Senate is, in the fullest

sense of the term, a *representative* body; there is hardly one of the many and widely diversified interests of the State that has not a mouthpiece at Albany, and hardly a single class of its citizens — not even excepting, I regret to say, the criminal class — which lacks its representative among the legislators. In the three Legislatures of which I have been a member, I have sat with bankers and bricklayers, with merchants and mechanics, with lawyers, farmers, day laborers, saloon keepers, clergymen and prize fighters. Among my colleagues there were many very good men; there was a still more numerous class of men who were neither very good nor very bad, but went one way or the other, according to the strength of the various conflicting influences acting around, behind and upon them; and finally, there were many very bad men. Still, the New York Legislature, taken as a whole, is by no means as bad a body as we would be led to believe if our judgment was based purely on what we read in the great metropolitan papers; for the custom of the latter is to portray things as either very much better or very much worse than they are. Where a number of men, many of them poor, some of them unscrupulous, and others elected by constituents too ignorant to hold them to a proper accountability for their actions, are put into a position of great temporary power, where they are called to take action upon questions affecting the welfare of large corporations and wealthy private individuals, the chances of corruption are always great, and that there is much viciousness and political dishonesty, much moral cowardice, and a good deal of actual bribe taking in Albany, no one who has had any practical experience of legislation can doubt; but, at the same time, I think that the good members always outnumber the bad, and that there is never any doubt as to the result when a naked question of right or wrong can be placed clearly and in its true light before the Legislature. The trouble is that on many questions the Legislature never does have the right and wrong clearly shown it. Either some bold clever parliamentary tactician snaps the measure through before the members are aware of its nature, or else the obnoxious features are so combined with good ones as to procure the support of a certain proportion of that large class of men whose intentions are excellent, but whose intellects are foggy."

I will read another extract in a very much lighter vein. After giving a number of experiences with members of the Legislature, and examples of humor which

occurred and for which the members were responsible, he inserts this paragraph:

"After all, outsiders furnish quite as much fun as the legislators themselves. The number of men who persist in writing one letters of praise, abuse and advice on every conceivable subject is appalling; and the writers are of every grade, from the lunatic and the criminal up. The most difficult to deal with are the men with hobbies. There is the Protestant fool, who thinks that our liberties are menaced by the machinations of the Church of Rome; and his companion idiot, who wants legislation against all secret societies, especially the Masons. Then there are the believers in "isms" of which the women suffragists stand in the first rank. (Now, to the horror of my relatives, I have always been a believer in woman's rights, but I must confess I have never seen such a hopelessly impracticable set of persons as the women suffragists who came to Albany to get legislation.) They simply would not draw up their measures in proper form; when I pointed out to one of them that their proposed bill was drawn up in direct defiance of certain of the sections of the Constitution of the State, he blandly replied that he did not care at all for that, because the measure had been drawn up so as to be in accord with the Constitution of Heaven. There was no answer to this beyond the very obvious one that Albany was in no way akin to Heaven."

He concludes his article with this paragraph:

"In concluding I would say that while there is so much evil at Albany, and so much reason for our exerting ourselves to bring about a better state of things, yet there is no cause for being disheartened or for thinking that it is hopeless to expect improvement. On the contrary, the standard of legislative morals is certainly higher than it was fifteen years ago or twenty-five years ago, and, judging by appearances, it seems likely that it will continue slowly and by fits and starts to improve in the future; keeping pace exactly with the gradual awakening of the popular mind to the necessity of having honest and intelligent representatives in the State Legislature."

MR. ADLER offered for the consideration of the house a resolution, in the words following:

Theodore Roosevelt

Welding into one dynamic personality the rare qualities of aristocracy of birth, education and training with an all-pervading democracy of both thought and action, uniting the ripe judgment of the scholar and philosopher with the keen foresight of the visionary; firm and unyielding to the point of hardness yet cloaking refusal and rebuke with such evident and overwhelming love for his fellows that they made friends instead of enemies; of indomitable will, unconquerable courage and a power of mental and physical endurance that yielded only to his Maker's demand, Theodore Roosevelt stands preeminently the most lovable, the most versatile, the greatest representative of a great and versatile people.

In his death America has lost a great statesman, a soldier who could either command or obey, an unassuming philanthropist, an undaunted explorer, a beloved leader and wise counsellor and withal an unadultered American — a man among men.

Resolved, That this House do now adjourn in respect to the memory of Theodore Roosevelt.

MR. C. D. DONOHUE: Appreciating that whatever is said this evening will add neither lustre nor glory nor honor to that great American who has found his final resting-place today, nevertheless, I feel that it is eminently proper this body should take action upon the demise of one who had not only the respect, the confidence, the esteem of all, but was loved by every one who called himself an American. Theodore Roosevelt was a statesman and a publicist. For over seven years he served as chief executive of the United States, as vice-president of the United States and likewise in the exalted office of governor of the State of New York. He typified in himself the ideal American. He served in this body and his career while a member of this Legislature presaged his usefulness in the future. His vigor and his manhood were exemplified on many occasions in his subsequent career, but above and beyond all, the

one thing to my mind that I feel has ingratiated him in the hearts of all Americans was his true ideal of Americanism, his insistence that the rights of Americans must be maintained at all times. For this, if nothing else, America owes him an immense debt of gratitude. The opposition his strong convictions and earnestness created were captured by his courage and disarmed by his honesty. He was a man of great force, a man of religion. Not only was he loved by every true American, but there was a warm spot for him in the hearts of the peoples of all the world. No man in modern public life was connected with so many and different important events. There was no office he ever occupied which he did not adorn. His career is closed, but it is closed with the respect and the admiration of every American. His loss is a personal loss which I know every one in this chamber feels and which will be felt by all of our citizens.

MR. KENNEDY: I do not think it would be fair for me to miss this opportunity to say that organized labor throughout this nation has lost a great friend. Back in the early nineties, when the coal barons of this country tried to have their way, the great man that we speak of tonight was perhaps the first president of the United States to raise his hand in defense of organized labor, and I should not want to miss this opportunity to let this body know, to let the people of our nation know, that organized labor has lost a true friend.

MR. LOUIS M. MARTIN: I hesitate about saying a word in seconding the resolution offered by the leader

of the majority, but I feel, perhaps, that I should do so. Nineteen years seems to be quite a span in human life. Still, looking back, nineteen years seems but a short time. Three of us are here in this body tonight who nineteen years ago were members. In those days, as Mr. Adler has said, political conditions were somewhat changed and somewhat different than at the present time. Political organizations, sir, were much stronger in their power and influence. Circumstances so changed conditions in one of the party organizations that a young man forty-two years of age, without any political experience except three years in this House, purely on his military record, was nominated, elected and inaugurated governor of this State. He faced two powerful organizations of political affiliations. Those men here tonight who were members then, Mr. Miller of Erie and Mr. Witter of Tioga, can recall the various remarks that went about this chamber and the Senate — what was the boy governor going to do? Some suggested that it would prove a disastrous failure, the administration conducted by a military colonel of forty-two years of experience. We assembled here, as we assembled tonight, and listened to his first message. It convinced us, Mr. Speaker, as his actions during that year and the next convinced us, that we had at the helm of this State in the executive chamber a man whose grasp of the public affairs of this State, whose ideas of proper government, whose bent and trend was forever towards what was right, and who was so great that instead of dismembering the party organization, sir, he built up party organization and left it stronger and better because he occupied the place

that he did. Such a man in our State government should never be forgotten, and we men who look back on those years that it was our privilege to be associated with him here look back upon them as the brightest two years in our lives. If any one thing can be cited as an earmark of this man's life, it was the bill that was put before this House under his direction and special message by which $600,000,000 of property in this State that had never before paid a dollar's worth of taxes was attached to the assessment-rolls of this State and continues until the present time to bear its just burden of the expense of government. Those of us here tonight who were here at that time know what he did for the State during the strenuous days that were used in passing this most beneficial measure. It was one of the things that afterwards made him vice-president and then the president of this great country. After he retired there were those of us who differed from this man, but the incident, thank Heaven, has been closed long ago before we come here to do honor to his memory. A great man has left us and the nations and the rulers of the world send their condolences to his bereaved family, but we in this State, sir, have sustained a personal loss. Long after the three of us who are trying to say a word in his memory have been forgotten, the great imprint that his magnificent character has left upon this State will continue to act as a guide for good government for future men to follow.

THE SPEAKER: We have met under the shadow of a great national sorrow. Words seem too weak to express that which we all feel. As it has been said, Theodore

Roosevelt began his political career in this chamber. He closed it as the first citizen of the world, known and respected in every nation on earth. As a citizen, husband and father, legislator, soldier, governor, president of the United States, and as a man, he met every obligation with a stout heart and fearless energy. The world loses a wonderful character, but history gains a subject which will live as long as men record and read the deeds of our great men. His life was an inspiration to every man who has faith in his country. By word and deed he proved his loyalty. When the clouds of the World War were gathering, he constantly urged the necessity of preparedness, and he stood ready at all times to fight for the country he loved, with his hands and his brain. The sacrifices which he has been called upon to suffer and which tested his heart and strength called for heroism, but he never flinched in his devotion to his highest ideals. American history will be richer because of his services to his country. He loved nature, he loved his home and made it to himself the happiest place on earth. He always had faith in his fellowmen and led them aright. He could differ with his people and still remain their friend. In any test that can be applied he was 100 per cent American. There never was a greater need of deeper national thinking than today. We shall miss him and his counsels at every turn we make. In his last public statement read last Sunday night in New York he said:

"There must be no sagging back in the fight for Americanism. If an immigrant comes here he shall be treated on an equality with everyone else regardless of his creed or birthplace or origin. This is predicated

upon a man being in very fact an American and nothing but an American. There cannot be divided allegiance at all. We have room in this country for but one flag — the American flag; we have room for but one language — the English language; we have room for but one soul loyalty and that is loyalty to the American people."

Today we have laid him away to sleep with the immortals of the ages with the flag of his country under which he served flying the signal of sorrow all around the world. His life and his work shall inspire us now with deeper faith in our institutions and a deeper determination to live and work for the best country in the world. Theodore Roosevelt will always live in the history of the nation he loved and served and as the years go by his memory will grow dearer to all true Americans. His last words were, "Please turn out the light." Shall we then say that his Heavenly Father heard these words and turned out the light of his life forever to face the wonders of eternity?

Mr. Speaker put the question whether the House would agree to said resolution and it was determined in the affirmative by a unanimous rising vote, and the House adjourned until Thursday, January 9th, at 11 o'clock A. M.

ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL DAY

PROCLAMATION

STATE OF NEW YORK

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER

ALBANY, *January* 13, 1919

WHEREAS, There is a sentiment throughout the country that appropriate memorial exercises in honor of the late Colonel Theodore Roosevelt be held in the near future; and

WHEREAS, The Congress of the United States has appointed February ninth as a day for memorial services on the part of the National Government, and a movement has been inaugurated in many States to hold memorial exercises on the same date to honor the memory of one of our great American statesmen;

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Alfred E. Smith, Governor of the State of New York, do hereby proclaim Sunday, February ninth, as Roosevelt Memorial Day in the State of New York, in order that our people may do honor to one who was Governor of this State and President of the United States; and I request that such memorial exercises be held by the Legislature of the State of New York, and by the people and organizations throughout the State generally.

GIVEN under my hand and the Privy Seal of the State at the Capitol in the City of Albany this thirteenth day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nineteen.

[L.S.]

(Signed) Alfred E. Smith.

By the Governor:

GEORGE R. VAN NAMEE,

Secretary to the Governor.

CONCURRENT RESOLUTION

IN ASSEMBLY

January 29, 1919

The following resolution was offered by Franklin A. Coles, Member of Assembly from the Second District of Nassau County.

WHEREAS, In the death of Theodore Roosevelt the State and nation have lost an ideal American; and

WHEREAS, He began his political life as a member of the Assembly of the State of New York and it is fitting that some acknowledgment of his services to his country and State be made by the Legislature.

Resolved (if the Senate concur), That on February ninth, nineteen hundred and nineteen, a memorial service be held in commemoration of his death.

Resolved, That a committee consisting of three Senators, appointed by the temporary president of the Senate, and three members of the Assembly, appointed by the Speaker of the Assembly, be ordered to arrange for such memorial service.

Adopted.

Pursuant to above resolution the following committee was appointed to arrange for the memorial service:

For Senate: George L. Thompson, George T. Burling and Bernard Downing.

For Assembly: Franklin A. Coles, Louis M. Martin and Peter A. McArdle.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

IN HONOR OF

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

CAPITOL, ASSEMBLY CHAMBER, ALBANY, NEW YORK

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY NINTH

NINETEEN HUNDRED NINETEEN

MEMORIAL SERVICES

ASSEMBLY CHAMBER

ALBANY, *February* 9, 1919

HONORABLE LOUIS M. MARTIN, presiding:

The assemblage will please come to order. Invocation by the Rev. C. H. French of Albany.

INVOCATION BY REV. C. H. FRENCH,

PASTOR MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ALBANY

Let us all look to God for His blessing.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we ask Thee to grant us Thy blessing as we have met together in this memorial service. We rejoice that we may always count upon Thy favor and upon Thy blessed presence when we would be met together to consider matters concerning the great affairs of time and eternity.

We pray that tonight Thou wilt abundantly bless us as our minds go out over the past, over the way in which Thou hast raised up men to lead the affairs of this great nation and people.

We thank Thee, our Heavenly Father, that amid all the uncertainties of life that we may count upon Thee, upon the everlasting arms that are beneath us and upon the infinite hand that is guiding and shaping the affairs of humanity.

We thank Thee, O God, that Thou hast revealed Thyself unto us as the God of righteousness and truth and life; that through the world and through Thy word

and through Thy Divine Son, Thou hast made Thyself known unto us as our Father.

Tonight, we do thank Thee, O God, for the way in which our lives have been guided; we thank Thee for the rich heritage that is ours; we thank Thee for the splendid company of men who in days past have been inspired by Thee to lead Thy people.

Especially, we would pray for him whom we are met tonight to honor. We thank Thee, O God, for his rich heritage, for his natural endowments. We thank Thee for the earnest and the fruitful use that he made of the talents that were committed to his care. We thank Thee for his passionate devotion to the welfare of this nation. We thank Thee, O God, for his manliness, for his hatred of all shams and hypocrisies. We thank Thee for the splendid ideals that he has set before the manhood of this nation.

Wilt Thou so guide us in this service; wilt Thou so use Thy servants who shall interpret unto us the life of Theodore Roosevelt, that we may with one accord more perfectly dedicate ourselves to whole-hearted service of the nation and of all humanity.

We beseech Thee, O God, that Thou wilt look with loving favor upon the president of the United States, upon the governor of this State, and upon all those who are in positions of influence and authority and power in our land and in all the lands of the earth. Wilt Thou in Thy wisdom and in Thy love so move upon their hearts and minds that they may act and speak and will so that light and order, truth and justice, may be maintained in all the world.

So teach us, O God, to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom, and in Thine own time, O God, bring us home unto Thyself to receive the reward of those who have labored faithfully in Thine earthly vineyard.

Through Christ Jesus, our Lord, Amen.

THE CHAIRMAN, HONORABLE LOUIS M. MARTIN: This magnificent outpouring of the citizens of the State but illustrates the affection and the esteem the people of this country had for America's first citizen.

Those of us whose privilege it was to serve in this House when he was the governor of the State look back upon those days as cherished days.

On behalf of the committee in charge, expression of thanks is made for this outpouring of citizenship.

The chair will deviate from the usual expressions of praise or of a laudatory nature in the introduction of the distinguished gentlemen who have so kindly consented to come here tonight and address us. So closely identified have they been with the civic and educational history of this State that laudatory words of introduction from the chair will be entirely inappropriate.

First, will be a selection by the quartet.

SELECTION — "Lead, Kindly Light," by the quartet.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT!

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

Theodore Roosevelt

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile!

THE CHAIRMAN: Address by the Honorable Joseph A. Lawson of the city of Albany.

ADDRESS BY HONORABLE JOSEPH A. LAWSON

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: In looking over this wonderful concourse of men and women of the State of New York, one must be deeply sensible of the honor conferred upon him by the committee of the two Houses of this great Legislature in being selected to pay a slight tribute at this time to the memory of Theodore Roosevelt. I am not here to serve funeral-baked meats, and I do not think that he would have it so.

As I am conscious of the fact that this is a gathering to perpetuate and keep green his memory, I feel that the personality of the man, and his life and work, should lead one to view his going "over the top" with cheerfulness, even as he lived; to view his taking-away with hope and not with despair; to gaze upon the empty chair with the moist eye of affection and warm-hearted recollection.

Theodore Roosevelt

I want to dissipate, perhaps, an erroneous impression that has been circulated with regard to my personal intimacy with Theodore Roosevelt. It was not great; it was limited, but I came in contact with him at an early period of his career.

In 1882, the men of Columbia university who were being inducted into the mysteries of the legal profession received their education in the old, now obsolete, building on Great Jones street, at the corner of Lafayette place. The class was large, over four hundred in number, divided into sections, one portion receiving instruction in the morning, another in the afternoon. If you didn't happen to belong to the morning section, you never saw the men in that division of the class and vice versa with regard to the afternoon section. But among my classmates was Theodore Roosevelt, and I mind his passing to and from the lecture room, and the casual acquaintance. But there are circumstances associated with my pleasant acquaintance with him that stand out with marked clearness in my recollection because it afforded me both amusement and chagrin, and illustrated a characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt that I think all of those who knew him well appreciated.

During the course of the studies we were both pursuing, he found that broader field in which he labored so assiduously. He came to the conclusion that the dry, uninteresting details of the legal profession, the intricacies of the rule in Shelly's case, the study of the feudal tenures of England as exemplified in the great work of Blackstone, were not the things upon which that avid mind of his must feed, and so he entered the arena of

politics and was elected to the Legislature of the State of New York without graduating and taking his degree.

But it so happened that after he had arrived in these halls of legislation, had made his mark and became distinguished as one of the younger members of the lower body, down in old Columbia it was decided that we wanted some special legislation for our institution. In those days, the lawyers were divided into two classes — attorneys and counsellors. You were first admitted to this wonderful profession as an attorney, and then when you had learned to fill out a summons, serve a subpoena, and empty the waste-basket, you might in due time be advanced to the more dignified degree of counsellor. Being ambitious, it seemed to us a fictitious distinction; we wanted to go to work immediately and appear in the highest court of the State, and so we decided to have the distinction abolished, and to that end my constituents in the law school for two reasons, I think — one because of my being perhaps a little unafraid, and second, having a home in the city of Albany, which would save considerable expense — placed me upon the committee to look after that legislation, and with me a man from the far west, and very aptly named "Western Starr." And so we came to the Legislature and of course our fellow classmate was the first man we interviewed — Theodore Roosevelt. I can see it as though it were yesterday. We sent in our cards, let him know what we wanted and the wish was simply the forerunner of his energy, of his push, of his going ahead with the proposition that we sought and that we were here to accomplish.

Time passed and I saw little of Theodore Roosevelt until he became governor of the State of New York. I went over to the gubernatorial mansion, which, I think, he would rather have preferred to be called his home, and as I stepped up to him I said, "Governor, do you recollect that little incident when you were in Columbia law school and I came with one Western Starr to enlist your aid for the benefit of our old institution?" He looked at me, exposing those expressive dentals, and said, "I most assuredly do." "Why," he said, "it is a little bit of a world, anyway; when I was out on my ranch, I was appointed a deputy sheriff and I arrested a horse thief and took him before a territorial judge and who should that territorial judge be but our old friend, Western Starr." "Now," he continued, "if you had only been there instead of the horse thief, our trio would have been complete." (Laughter.)

Theodore Roosevelt was born under circumstances that would naturally be very much adverse to advancement along the lines that he followed in after life. Theodore Roosevelt's family was an old Dutch Hugenot family in the city of New York, occupying a social position second to none, and having wealth enough to place Mr. Roosevelt in the very first circles of the metropolitan aristocracy. But he lived it down. (Laughter.) The environment of the home was one of culture and refinement. His father had an instinct that the son inherited, because among the anecdotes published of the elder Roosevelt none reaches further out to the human understanding and the human heart than that he devoted much of his time and his means to a philanthropic

project that had for its object the rescuing of the waifs from the streets of that great metropolis. Ah, there must have been some of that milk of human kindness that flowed through the veins of the boy Theodore. Physically weak; describing himself as rickety and asthmatic; he received his early training through the medium of a tutor, not by the rough and tumble of the public school but in the confines of a loving, luxurious, refined home. He went to Harvard college. There realizing his impotence physically, he bent those energies that placed him in the White House to building up a constitution that would have been a handicap to any other young man. Oh! I often think how easy it would have been, how easy along the lines of least resistance, for young Roosevelt to have dropped gracefully back into the social environment that was his; been quite content to spend his afternoons amidst the soporific surroundings of the five o'clock tea and find his excitement in the tango that would have given him just enough exercise and not overtaxed his physical capacity; how he could just as well have chased the aniseed bag over the fields of Long Island rather than to have ridden the broncho on the plains of the west. It would have been so easy; but there was something in the mental makeup of the boy and the man that kept him from being a dilettante, that made him the hero of the boys of America, that made him the man whose memory we honor tonight. In college, not renowned for his successes, reading what he loved to read, an omnivorous admirer of American history, a great reader of that which led him into the paths where the wild animals had their habitats, a natu-

ralist, a botanist, a student of nature, but not distinguishing himself in the classics or in the realms of literature outside of those lines that he cared to pursue. But he was making the most of himself; he was feasting himself; I can imagine him under the elms of Cambridge, drinking in the spirit of Americanism; I can imagine him in Boston, the hub of the universe, filling himself with the legends of his country; I can imagine him reading the lives of the great Americans who had preceded him in those holy places and resolving in his heart of hearts that he, too, would make of himself something of which his country might be proud.

He came out of Harvard university and made his choice of the two great political parties. I have no fault to find with him for that. It was just at that time that he attracted my attention, and up to this ninth day of February, 1919, I have followed him step by step in his career through the medium of the public prints, the biographer, and the word of mouth of the loving friend. I had some aspirations along political lines myself, perhaps not as high-minded as Theodore Roosevelt's, perhaps not as ambitious as his, and I chose the other path. He took the "high road" and I took the "low road," and I am traveling it yet. (Laughter.) But our lives ran parallel because of our association in the law school, our personal acquaintance in those years of young manhood when the mind is shaping itself and the ideals are bright and untarnished by contact with the world, and while I felt that he was wrong politically, that he had committed an error of judgment, I couldn't help admiring the manner in which he got away with

it. (Laughter.) And so year by year I followed his career, and ah, many is the time I have contrasted my puny efforts with his magnificent successes; many is the time I have said to myself: "If I could only make the man of myself that my classmate and friend, Theodore Roosevelt, has made of himself; if I could leave my mark; if I could press my feet into the sands of time that there might be left an impression that nothing should obliterate; that I might have the strength and the force of character and conscience of Theodore Roosevelt." And so all these years have I watched his successes.

When he came into this hall of legislation he came at a time when New York State politics — and I speak it with all due reverence to both Houses of this Legislature, and to this magnificent structure, sacred to the making of law and its enforcement — when New York State politics had reached a point where reform was necessary in both parties. There didn't seem to be a place for a man with the ideals of Theodore Roosevelt, and he realized it himself. And there was one thing about his politics that appealed to me; it was the sincerity of it; it wasn't self-seeking; it wasn't that kind of politics that makes a man untrue to himself, and Theodore Roosevelt fought what he believed to be the worst elements in both the great political parties, and the people began to see that he had the courage of his convictions and they accorded him the respect that was his due, and finally the great party to which he belonged mentioned him for the honorable position of Speaker of this House. And so he went from one success to another. I am to be followed by a most eloquent speaker, far

more competent to deal with the life and times of Theodore Roosevelt than I am, and I shall not trespass long; I shall not endeavor to give you anything like a recapitulation of the life of Theodore Roosevelt, simply summarize it.

He was a member of the police commission in the city of New York — president of it. Finding New York city in a condition as a municipality where the enforcement of law along certain lines had become more honored in the breach than in the observance, without any regard for what effect it might have upon his political future, Theodore Roosevelt obeyed the dictates of his conscience and applied himself to the morale of the police force of that great city. His history as a member of that board is well known to everyone who has read, but it must have given him a marvelous knowledge of human nature. I cannot conceive of a position that would have brought a man of his mental calibre and physical attributes into closer contact with the very elements that he needed to mold him than the police force of the city of New York in the years of which he was a member of the board.

United States Civil Service Commissioner. Civil service that once was denominated by a great statesman as "snivel service" but Theodore Roosevelt never viewed it that way; it was civil service to him. It meant that the men for the positions should be the men fitted for them and not the men with the pull. And so as a member of the United States Civil Service Commission he covered himself with glory because he continued to obey the dictates of his conscience and live up to his ideals.

I think as I look back upon it now, as we approach the twelfth day of February, and I recall those lines that Abraham Lincoln loved so well —

> Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud;
> Like a swift-glancing meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
> A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave;
> He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

they seem to me to typify the career of this great man — "a swift-glancing meteor," "a fast-flying cloud," "a flash of the lightning," symbols of his career. Not the cloistered hearth, not the withdrawal from touch with humanity to the quiet and seclusion of the study, but the hurly-burly, the fight, everlasting fight and grapple with the things of evil to the betterment of that great country he loved so well.

Governor of the State of New York — this great Empire State with all the complexities of government that surround one in that exalted station — wealth, labor, anarchy, social preferments; all sorts and kinds of influences being brought to bear to sway the mind of the chief executive, and he held himself steady and not one blot upon the escutcheon.

Assistant secretary of the United States Navy. Why, they say of him when he assumed that post that he went to Congress and said: "I want eight million dollars for powder." They knew his enthusiasm and said: "What do you want with eight million dollars for powder?" "I want to teach the boys to shoot." And they gave him the eight million dollars, and he came back and said: "I want five million more." Perhaps my figures are wrong, but the newspaper boys will correct me.

However, it was a very large sum and he came back for the second sum, and they said: "Why, have you shot that powder all away?" "Yes, it is shot away and to good purpose." "All right," and he got the second appropriation. Well, what has been the result in the years just passed? When our navy sailed the blue waters and lined herself up with Great Britain's magnificent representation on the high seas, our boys shot true, our boys shot home, our boys were prepared to annihilate their enemies because back in Theodore Roosevelt's time he burned up the powder to teach them how to do it.

President of these United States. Ah, the greatest gift in the choice of any people. President of these United States — a career that sometimes starts on the towpath, not often in the drawing-room. The first president of these United States to realize the iniquitous use that was being made of wealth by corporations that were unmoral, by corporations that were dealing unlawfully, by corporations that were banded together for purposes that worked evil to the mass of the people, and the man who had been out on the plains and busted the broncho became the "trust-buster" of the United States. And then and there his heart went out to mankind, those yearnings toward the plain people he loved so well, and all sorts and kinds of labor legislation were dear to him. Federal bills for amelioration of the working men were his constant care, and he didn't do it in the spirit of demagogy; he didn't do it to make votes; he didn't do it to advance himself; he did it because he was true to himself and wanted to "*do* things."

But as I look back over his career, and I sketch it in such broad lines tonight, there is one other element in his presidential experience that appeals to me with peculiar force because Theodore Roosevelt was the father of legislation in the interests of the little ones, what is called "child labor legislation." I sat in the anteroom tonight before I came into this rostrum and I heard the chairman of the committee tell an ancedote of Theodore Roosevelt, how he was going to luncheon with a very distinguished statesman and walking down Broadway he saw a little urchin crying his heart out, and he said to his friend: "Wait a moment." And he gathered the little one up and asked: "What is the matter?" And he found the little one was lost. The president of the United States gathered the little one in his arms and took him to the nearest police station and found the frenzied father and mother and restored the little one. Just typical, just an illustration of the great heart and the utter simplicity of the man and it was that instinct that made him see the rotten injustice of the little fellow with the great white plague working in his system down underground in the coal mines from early morn until late at night, following the mule up and down the tramway; and the other little one of the factory behind the loom of the south or north, I care not which side of Mason-Dixon's line it was, with his little lungs filled with lint, with his little eyes glazed with watching the warp and woof of the cloth before him, never seeing God's blue sky, or listening to the birds singing, or running about with his playmates and playing duck-on-the-rock, leap frog, and all those concomitants of the

natural American boy. He saw the needs of those little ones, and I hope his mantle will fall on someone in authority in these days of 1919.

You cannot make heroes; you cannot make boys in khaki; you cannot make strong men and women out of the puny, ill-nourished, undeveloped children of America. Those efforts will always stand out in the history of Theodore Roosevelt as significant of his character.

I mustn't use up all the material; I cannot; I might draw on your patience until much later than this and I would have given you but the most sketchy idea of the life and work of Theodore Roosevelt.

I come now to what seems to me to be the tragedy of his life. On the eleventh day of November last we all joined in the shouts of joy and the ringing of bells and the tooting of whistles and the demonstration which said the armistice was signed, the war over, and the great conflict of 1914–18 at an end. Yes, it was at an end. And that recalls another incident in the career of Theodore Roosevelt.

When Theodore Roosevelt came back from his African explorations he had a triumphal progress through Europe, and among the incidents that marked that progress was the fact that the Imperial German Emperor invited him to join him on his staff and they sat, side by side, on their mettlesome steeds at a review of the Prussian guards. But Emperor Wilhelm will never see Theodore Roosevelt again. (Laughter.)

The armistice was signed; the war was over, but Theodore Roosevelt was not president of the United States. In my mind's eye I can see that loving father,

that great-hearted citizen, that ambitious man, in his study at Sagamore Hill. I can see the expression of his face as he listens to the wild clamor that said the war was over and the boys were coming home, and he not president of these great United States he loved so well. During the conflict, and as victory became apparent, Theodore Roosevelt, out of the bitterness that may have come to him in those silent hours of contemplation, gave expression to words that I myself in public have criticized, and now that he has gone to his rest I am sorry for. I say that even as Moses after leading the children of Israel out of the house of bondage came in sight of the Promised Land and from the heights of Nebo's lonely mountain looked over into the fields and pastures where he never could wander, so the great heart of Theodore Roosevelt must have felt when he saw this beloved country victor in the World War, and he not at the head of its affairs. And I believe the recording angel will drop a tear upon the book and blot out forever any unworthy expression that Theodore Roosevelt ever may have uttered under the stress of the times that followed the lowering of the German standard.

Aye, and the end came. The end came as I think he would like to have had it come. We speak of him as "Our President," but the masses speak of him as "Teddy;" we speak of him as the man who has received the adulation of his own fellow countrymen and that of the peoples of Europe, but we remember him as the broncho-buster, as the man who rode across the plains in search of big game. We give him all the glory and honor that is due him for the exalted stations he has

occupied, but that which knits him to us with hooks of steel is his humanity. When the end came it was not with bulletins signed by eminent surgeons giving pulse, temperature and respiration, it was in the still watches of the night that he laid down his armor and the armistice was complete.

I can see in my mind's eye a great concourse of people, and they are wending their way toward Sagamore Hill and the modest cemetery at Oyster Bay. They come to pay their tribute to Theodore Roosevelt, dead. And in the midst of his plot there rises the white pole that marks every little red school-house the country over, and at the peak of the pole there flies the thirteen bars and the forty-eight stars he loved so well, and in a tree top at one side of this plot a big, full-throated, red-breasted robin sings its song while this great concourse of American people, of plain people, wend their way. As they pass the spot, they see it marked by a rugged granite block,— "how firm a foundation,"— and one side of it is polished that it may bear an inscription, and chiselled there in the plainest form of script that he who runs may read, are the simple words: "Teddy, the American." (Applause.)

SELECTION —"Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," by the quartet.

BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF SOMEWHERE

Somewhere the sun is shining,
Somewhere the song-birds dwell;
Hush, then, thy sad repining;
God lives and all is well.

Theodore Roosevelt

Somewhere, somewhere,
Beautiful Isle of Somewhere!
Land of the true, where we live anew —
Beautiful Isle of Somewhere!

Somewhere the day is longer,
Somewhere the task is done;
Somewhere the heart is stronger,
Somewhere the guerdon won.

Somewhere the load is lifted,
Close by an open gate;
Somewhere the clouds are rifted,
Somewhere the angels wait.

THE CHAIRMAN: Chancellor Day of the University of Syracuse.

ADDRESS BY CHANCELLOR JAMES ROSCOE DAY

If ten years ago any one had told me that on this 9th day of February I would be found in our State Capitol by your request delivering an eulogy of Theodore Roosevelt, I would not have been impressed with his gift of prophecy!

But that is Theodore Roosevelt. He was an impossible man doing impossible things as no other men could do them. You differed with him deeply and radically. And you did not change your convictions, but you found that you had not been in conflict with *him* but with something incidental to him. Some men's opinions are all there is of them. One opinion and you have the whole man. With Roosevelt a conviction or a doctrine was an incident. While you were fighting that doctrine he was away into volumes of others leaving you

to go on with your contentions. He was infinitely more than an article of his economic or political creed. You could not contend with such a man. Your controversy was not with *him*.

How to appreciate such a man in just proportions is an almost impossible task.

No man lived a life more exposed to the public eye. He never whispered. But men were always blundering about his motives and the wisdom of his bold, uncompromising utterances. Where to stand to measure him is the question. There is a position among the Himalayas where vast mountains arise before you. One of them is so far distant that you see only its summit. It is the highest of the mighty range. But you can see only its crown against the sky. You cannot see where it connects with the earth or what its bases are. Another is so near that it overwhelms you and you lose all power of measurement. The first is the highest mountain in all Asia if not in the world. The second is but little less but it fills the valley out of which it springs with a suddenness that confuses thought and is appalling.

Washington is that mountain now distant with its base in tradition. Roosevelt is the mountain that fills the valley before you and is radiant with refracted and changing light. What he is will be the subject of varying opinions and discussions as men see the earth connections all visible and the far summit towering above them in the clouds, refracting colors differing to each angle of vision.

There is too much of Roosevelt and there are too many vividly related phases of his unusual personality for one to discuss philosophically his great character,

much less his work as a legislator, a soldier and the chief executive of his great State and the nation.

No one fully competent has presented Theodore Roosevelt to the world in outline. Certain traits were so bold and outstanding that all could discover them as he hurried past in the rush of his impetuous course. But it will be years before this marvelous man will stand out in the symmetry and harmony of all the traits of his character and activity that have seemed to many of us sometimes conflicting and inconsistent.

To measure force requires most delicate instruments and great skill. To know men in themselves and in the influence of their education, companionship and surroundings is a task that often has to be handed over to generations.

Mr. Roosevelt was a man with whom no one could agree in all things and with whom many disagreed in everything. He outstrode thinking men. The conservative men could not keep pace with him. He violated traditions one minute and the next was the reverent defender of the men who created them. He betrayed his party one hour and the next was at its head, the idolized leader and defender.

Sometimes he attacked constituted forms with violence, but he restrained his wrath when demagogues threatened disaster. He made no use of anything in his reformatory efforts for merely personal political purposes and sometimes went too far in defiance of temporizing politics.

Study Mr. Roosevelt over a space of sufficient breadth and length and the conflicts of his personality

harmonize. There were certain traits that were high peaks in the range of his character. They must be studied above the common level.

He had great force. And men like force. The timid man shrinks from it when it has no visible orbit or is not running on steel rails bolted down to a secure roadway. But the average man likes force. That is why he chances the ditch and death in a motor car or a two thousand feet fall from an aeroplane. And force brings things to pass. It does not stop, fortunately does not, because of a wreck in the ditch or a fall from the clouds. But there is force in established orbits, when it has taken form and retained energy, where it has come out of star mist and is a sun.

Colonel Roosevelt had force well in hand. It was an endowment. It was not idly expended, if sometimes it seemed erratic. It did not exhaust those who came in contact with it. Its expression was greatest in himself. It made him impatient with Taft's slow and judicial statesmanship and Wilson's "single-track mind" which worked on a schedule of "waiting and watching."

But it was a tremendous magnet. No man drew such crowds without arts or tricks on all occasions. They rallied to him instinctively. Whether you agreed with him or not, he agreed with himself. And you found it difficult to get away from his forcible thinking.

He walked with a firm stride. He chopped a tree like a lumber jack on a wager. He liked a horse that would throw a good rider. You never heard of his hunting partridges. He hunted lions and tigers. The brook trout did not beguile him. He fished for tarpon

and shark. Is it a wonder that the virile manhood of America followed such a leader? They could disagree with him, but they were forced by force to follow him.

Had he been president when Germany threatened little heroic Belgium, a challenge would have been hurled across the ocean that would have prevented the war, or if not we would have closed it two years sooner. Germany needed a friend like Theodore Roosevelt, who would have warned her of the peril of her insane madness in rushing into war against the civilized world and who would not have dallied an hour in preparation for the defense of civilization and of the firesides of all lands. *His* defense would have begun before the war began.

Colonel Roosevelt was a courageous man and the people like courage. It was not a blustering courage. It was not braggadocio. There was no swagger about it. Its highest test was in the face of dissenting public opinion. It never flinched in the face of the clamor of politics.

What is right? What ought to be done? It might not always be right as subsequent events proved, but to him with the light he had it was right. That was enough. It is certain that men whether in political agreement or political opposition conceded his courage. He was incapable of making the mistake of the trimmer. He never cultivated his fortunes or popular favor at the expense of his manhood. It is a fatal mistake which has defeated many a great man who was great in all but his courage. The people are always sensitive to this characteristic. It is as useless as the habit of the ostrich in putting his head in the sand to escape his pursuers.

The people will excuse mistakes but they have contempt for a coward.

The man who dodges his vote, who hides his convictions lest some one disagree with him, is always detected and quickly relegated to the rear. Respect a man who honestly disagrees with you. Despise a man who is afraid of you.

Roosevelt's courage was an element of strength. It was courage to defend an opinion and it was courage to correct a mistake. Moral courage is greater than physical courage. "You are scared," said a soldier to a fellow soldier whom he saw white and trembling as the battle began. "Yes," was the reply, "if you were as scared as I am you would run."

When Roosevelt was about to give an interview on the piratical sinking of the Lusitania an intimate friend who wanted him to answer deliberately suggested that there were four hundred thousand German votes in this country. Aroused he said, "If there were four million I would condemn this fiendish act!" And he gave out that phillipic which awoke the land to war.

He was clean. No bribe stuck to his hand. And the people like that. His domestic life required no apology. There were never whispers of impure liaisons in his neighborhood. He never led two lives, nor had two homes. His personal life required no explanation nor apology. When he was away from home his face was always set homeward and you could no more face him in other directions than you could change the instinct of a carrier pigeon. And the people like that. Domestic impurity and infidelity is the dry rot of society and states.

The pure home is the foundation of civilization. It has been tremendously emphasized in the late war, when virtue has been made the merchandise of a country that started out to spread its kultur over the world by rapine and the pitiless sword. The noblest thing about Roosevelt is his home life. It was a holy example.

Another trait was the buoyancy, fullness and exuberance of his life. No man enjoyed life more. And the people like that. You may say that it was a radiancy of health. We might think so but for the last two or three years of fatal illness. Coming or going from the hospital, wrenched with rheumatic pains, burning with fever, he was always feeling "bully." It is a great thing in this world of so many ills and misfortunes and sorrows if one can carry hope on the outside and let any remnant of happiness shine through.

No one can tell the agony of that solitary sorrow when a grave was made on a foreign battlefield. But he did not ask his fellow man to help him carry it. He carried no emblem of death. He asked for more things to do, to think about, and to say.

He said that he could not expect that four sons could go into war with the peril of high explosives and all return. It was the measure of his prompt sacrifice. An unspeakable cur kindled his wrath when he said that those boys were protected in safe positions by their father's influence. But the cloud soon passed and he was driving on, giving his own life to force that war to its conclusions by matching his pen against the sword.

We will not ask why such a man was not used in such a war, why he was denied the privilege of some

active place at the front or in helpful counsel when clear thinking and prompt action were demanded. The American people do their own thinking and as a rule they think correctly. The answer will come and be written in letters that will burn the shame where it belongs.

He must be an intensely narrow partisan who does not feel the loss that has fallen upon his country by the death of ex-President Roosevelt.

The man we have hastily sketched, a statesman of such prescient vision and superb loyalty and courage, was tremendously needed in his own land in a time when latent Bolshevism and slumbering Red Socialism could be held in restraint only by men of the type of Colonel Roosevelt and men of whom he was the acknowledged captain.

It is an hour that calls for brave men, wise men, American men without a taint or a remote mixture in their loyalty and with consecration to the principles of our fathers and mothers. Never have we needed as now a recrudescence of the old-time Americanism that has been overgrown with the poison ivy of imported destructive thought and teachings of the ignorant that threaten to choke and destroy its life. We need him to lead in the readjustment of our labor economy.

We had looked to Colonel Roosevelt as the man whom the remnant of thinking men would follow and whose clear voice would restrain the mad hordes plunging on behind the red flag they know not why, a man who would not sacrifice his flag to his personal ambition, a man whose words weighed with the artisan and the working man because he never used them but always

served them, a man who in his one own personality would outnumber the thousands of riotous brutes, Hun-like in their instincts, seeking to apply the torch to the foundations of all government and law.

That task to save our land and country is upon us without a leader. Striking evidences warn us that our laborers must be kept within bounds of citizenship and under self-restraint. That cannot be done by the political cunning and chicanery that plays our government into the hands of any class at the price of its service at the polls.

Mr. Roosevelt never magnified day labor above all forms of labor. He held it to its responsibility. The peril that has been increased in the past few years has been in exalting the working man's labor into the chief if not the only place of labor. As though none of the rest of us labor and as if there were no problems except to fill the working man's dinner pail! It is doubtless true that the working man has not always received his proportion of the world's incomes and profits. And it is equally true that transportation and business have suffered losses and depreciation which if not remedied will leave the laborer with an empty dinner pail. Business, capital, are the only sources from which he can fill his pail,— unless he steals and robs and kills as red-tongued and red-flagged socialism proposes to do, and that would last only until business is destroyed. Then what hope would be left to any man, rich or poor?

There is no question that business has been guilty of profiteering the past two years. Much of it has taken high prices simply because it could. It has forced up

the cost of living without any justification. It has turned business in some cases into a den of thieves. When any man takes a price simply because he can get it, and from a man who is unable to pay it, he is a thief.

But this has not been done by manufacturers and merchants only. It has been done by the honest, horny-handed farmer who raises wheat and corn and cattle,—though he usually suffers both at the beginning and the ending of high prices. He is the victim of the packer and the mill man who buys his wheat and sells him his grain, and of the middleman who takes a hundred per cent of profit for marketing his milk and his farm produce.

It is plain enough that we are in swiftly increasing currents of a whirlpool where we need a leader to reverse the order of things, to place the labor of the laboring man in the list with the labor of the professional man, the merchant and the manufacturer, and make him take his chances with them, and stop the political caudle which places him at the top and all others at the bottom and robs the railroad, the steamship and all forms of business to keep him there. Men in the Legislature and in Congress and in great official positions have been doing our land immense mischief because they lacked the rugged stamina and wide-seeing statesmanship to maintain, at any political cost, sound economic proportions and order. They have turned the country upside down and placed the labor unions on top. That is disastrous to labor and ruinous to any country. You cannot run a wagon with the wheels on top. The axles are as important as the wheels. The wheels can carry nothing without the axles. The

whole must harmonize in proper proportions and logical relations. It is a fatal thing when labor and capital pull apart. It is tearing the wagon to pieces.

We want the artisan and day labor working man to have all the wage that business can pay him for an honest day's work. The more he has the better home he will have and the happier wife he will have and the better educated and better citizens his children will become and the better country we will have. Capital cannot afford not to pay him all that the business will pay him and leave a paying profit to the investments, the risks, the toil and wear and tear of the business. I want him to have reasonably short hours and reasonably long wages, but I want him to give an equivalent and be a man, an American man, a safe and useful citizen. That man and I are neighbors. We vote at the same poll. I work at the university where I beg money to educate his sons and daughters and I am proud of them. But I hate and abhor the labor that would overturn business which it could neither create nor manage, that would smash machinery, kill men, starve and freeze communities to force increase of wages or the recognition of his organization as I do the Hun's mode of warfare and rapine.

The laborer should be content with the reward of his own labors and not insist upon the income that belongs to the investments of his neighbor. The recent suggestion that the government should purchase the railroads and the laboring men should run them on shares with the government, and if there is a deficiency it should be covered by taxing the people, is crude enough and

idiotic enough for the Bolsheviki. It does not sound like the utterance of American citizens.

One man may be as good as another, one man is as free as another. But one man is not as important as another. One man offers the work of his hands and he is important if intelligent, industrious and faithful. Another man has by superior ability secured and saved thousands of dollars of money. He may have justly inherited it. This man offers his great ability and the money he has saved equal perhaps to a hundred or a thousand men. He has a right to greater pay in proportion to what the supplies. And he works harder than the man who works only with his hands, works earlier and later and with anxiety the other man does not know.

Our country needs as never before a supreme leader to set in order business men and working men that each may have a just appreciation of the other and that all may secure to all liberty of action. We thought we had that man in Theodore Roosevelt. It is a frightful arena for the demagogue of destructive socialism and Bolshevism. It is no time for the coward and the trimmer. It is the hour of our supreme peril. Every man without regard to party politics must have trembled when they told us that Theodore Roosevelt was dead. Labor lost an intelligent, fearless friend. Our country lost a great leader in its most perilous field.

It is a time when Colonel Roosevelt was saying some vigorous and statesmanlike words with regard to our world-wide problems. They were wholesome. They centered on our own country. They contemplated

safety first for America. They looked to the future of America. They remembered Washington's caution against foreign entanglements.

The great and first problems over there today is the relation to one another of adjacent lands recently at war. That takes precedence over the League of Nations. The first question is the settlement of new boundaries, indemnities and guarantees of safety to invaded countries. Those are live questions, and immensely practical, to be settled by nations concerned.

How far are we called upon to mix in them? What have we to do with running boundary lines between Poland and Czecho-Slovak, or Jugo-Slav and Italy, or in the new republics of Germany and Austria? What business have we with the amount of indemnity to be paid by Germany to England, or to France, or to Belgium or to Italy? It seems to me we have absolutely no business with these questions, but should come home tomorrow so far as they are concerned. I do not object to our going over the ocean in the person of our president and his retinue to secure expressions of approval for what we have done in the war by music and salvos of artillery and displays of gold plate and livery, if anyone wants that thing. It is a matter of taste and that has a wide range. After the great pressing questions between the nations concerned are settled by the nations concerned, there would be time to take up the question of a League of Nations and the Freedom of the Seas, and other of the fourteen international beatitudes. We are not certain that we oppose the League of Nations or that we favor it. We are certain that we have not

had time to know what we think yet. Our great deliberative body has not been permitted to discuss that question without the charge of partisan motives.

We need time for our Senate, that body which used to be recognized as of co-ordinate authority and dignity, to discuss the momentous questions on which we occupy at least a border place.

We needed someone like Roosevelt to show us that we had the cart harnessed before the horse. Other men might say it and the world would not listen. Men listened to him.

It seems to me that having gone in late, almost fatally late, it would have been modest when our boys had finished their magnificent fighting to quietly fold our tents and come home and stay at home ourselves until we could settle as a people in our Congress, through our representatives, the only question that concerned us, the vast principles on which all nations should conduct themselves toward one another. This would have been American. We have never permitted one citizen to make our laws nor to dictate terms beyond our written instrument. No man rules us. No man is king over us. We cannot afford the incursion of any man's reference to Americans as " my people." That was the prerogative of Kaisers and Czars. We cannot afford the humiliation of dictated terms for the remaking of Europe through one man without even the knowledge of our Senate or of the people as to what those terms are. Never has there been any such autocracy in the history of our land. Never will it be attempted again if we are to remain a free people.

The conditions of peace have not been sent to European nations by the American people. But they have been taken over in utter defiance and contempt of the mind of our people. The people have not been permitted to know what the supreme dictator himself means by them. We have transplanted the rule of the Kaiser and Czar into America and our President has done what the King of England would not dare to do, and what if he did do would cost him his crown.

Will you tell me how long the American government will stand after one man becomes that government? Is it not opening a way for our I. W. W. and our anarchistic Red Bolshevists to defy our constitution, our courts and our executives?

We must obey our traditions and our unwritten laws and practices of a hundred and fifty years if we expect others to obey them. We must not compromise our form of government. It is not enough to say that it is better done as it is being done. That is far from certain and if it were true it is too perilous to take the chance. Our only safety is within the law and traditions that have become law.

There are too many wild elements among us trying to usurp our body politic, for us to leave any bars down or any gates open. The minute we disregard our constitution and make a substitution of personal choice or permit any official assumptions beyond the terms laid down by our forms of action we are in danger that liberty will be taken by destructive forces and that all law and order will be over-ridden and trampled under foot. The only way we can safely secure obedience

to law by the people is for their representatives and servants in all the offices from the lowest to the highest to lead them with law. If we do not they will overwhelm us without law. Nothing breeds riot with the destruction of life and property like license with our institutions by those set to sacredly defend them and obey them.

Our carelessness in recent years has permitted broods of vipers to hatch and sting us in nearly all our considerable communities. It is high time to sound a warning and return to the democracy of our fathers who dared not attempt national life and government without a national constitution which they defended with their lives and which they permitted no man carelessly or ignorantly to ignore and set aside. In addition to the peril that threatens by a loosening of reverence for the Americanism which ex-President Roosevelt championed with his last breath, is the price which we must pay for mixing in the disputes among European nations that do not concern us. Are we going to settle affairs over there and they have no right of parity to settle things to suit themselves over here?

We fought to defend our pathways across the seas and to make it safe for our people to travel them. We fought to hurl back the world's foe of small and defenseless peoples. Though coming late we helped finish that work. That was all we had to do until our Senate should act on the larger question of the future. And that was the work for the American people to do. Our legislatures are our people. Our American Congress is the American people. And our people have a right to speak through their Congress and it is their duty

to speak. Their Congress cannot be ignored. That is riding over the people themselves. And they cannot permit themselves to be ignored without inviting disaster to their land and country.

There must be a day of reckoning, immediate and decisive reckoning. Colonel Roosevelt exhorted us "not to sag back in our Americanism." Where has our Americanism gone in the last six weeks? It has been put in a bag and carried out to sea. And the men who miss it and demand that it be returned are charged with disloyalty and partisan politics! Thank God that was one thing that Theodore Roosevelt did not fear when he knew his cause was just. And why should you and I?

In the name of our fathers, where are we going to and what are we going from? Are we an American republic? Are we a nation of freemen? Can anyone wonder that unwashed Bolshevists and Red Flag Socialists will dare to spit upon us and trample our flag in the dust of the streets!

Can we afford to lose by death our bravest citizen, our fearless champion of the whole people, our defender of the constitution which secured to us the government of the people, by the people, the only safe Magna Charta! We have lost in our champion of a free America ten thousand men,— ten thousand great men as great men are measured today.

I did not always agree with all he did. I do not accept the doctrine that only good must be said of the dead. A man's character must carry his reputation in life and in death. And we should see men as we knew

them in life or death. A discriminating appreciation is the most just. With all impulses and mistakes reckoned, and there were some, and sometimes serious, we bade farewell a few hours ago to the greatest American citizen since Abraham Lincoln.

It seems to us that he has gone too soon.

But God reigns. What has been will be. Other men equal to their times will appear. They will be unlike, as Roosevelt differed from Lincoln. All along the ages great men have appeared who seemed indispensable to the leadership of their times. But when they went the world did not stop. In some instances they contributed more by their death than by their life. When Lincoln fell under the assassin's bullet a calamity overwhelmed the nation. We felt, and some of us continue to feel, that disaster came upon reconstruction and that things would have been far different if he had lived. The breach would have been sooner healed. The North and South would have been one long ago. We could not understand it. We cannot measure the divine movements, the infinite wisdom, the things which He permits that we would not permit. It seems to us that the death of Roosevelt was a great calamity just now when so many destructive elements lurk in the shadows of timid men, to spring upon us and clutch our national throat. They feared him enough to shoot him years ago. They feared him more the day he died. Hell broke out with wild laughter and shouts. A mighty obstacle was removed. Why did God do it? Perhaps our faith is misplaced. We put our faith in men, great men, and they fall. Then we trust God.

Theodore Roosevelt

God seems to depend upon men, but when we think He is trusting them most and that He most depends upon them He removes them. He moves in His mysterious way, His wonders to perform, both by using them and not using them.

It is our time to put our faith in Him who rules over all.

Our country will stand. It is builded upon divine principles, its industries, its business, its homes, its government, its morals are founded on God's law. And that never wears out. It cannot be overthrown. Try to dig under it. You cannot, it is as deep as the throne of right and justice.

It will take time to adjust ourselves. But our great leaders do not carry away with them the principles of our national integrity. These principles remain for other men to use and God furnishes those men.

The greatest fame that can come to men is to be used in God's critical times, to help make constructive epochs, to see them when they come, to use them with no fear but the fear of God, to welcome consequences, to venture all personal ambition and profit, to be used for the common good, to live lives of service for all men, that is to learn the great lesson from above that to save one's life is to lose it, to lose one's life is to save it.

So far as men follow these standards their immortality is safe. Their works cannot perish. What they put into their country cannot be withdrawn from it.

The greatest debt we owe to Theodore Roosevelt today is for his Americanism, his all-Americanism, boldly, fearlessly declared in a time when perilous isms of all

kinds are striving to undermine our country. Mr. Roosevelt insisted that there can be but one national ism in this broad land and that is Americanism,— one loyalty, one flag, one common language, one great and prosperous people.

SELECTION — "How Firm a Foundation," by the quartet.

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

"Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am Thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

"When through the deep waters, I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

"When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee: I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

"E'en down to old age, all My people shall prove,
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I will not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

THE CHAIRMAN. Benediction — Bishop Richard H. Nelson. The audience will please arise.

BENEDICTION — BISHOP RICHARD H. NELSON, ALBANY

Almighty Father, Who has raised up great men to bring us, Thy people, to a place of power and honor among the nations of the world, we beseech Thee to send Thy blessing upon those who are gathered together here to honor the memory of the gifted, patriotic, American citizen. And grant that we may learn from the example of his life to do our duty faithfully and fearlessly in these grave times, and, like him, be ready to sacrifice that which is dearest to us in life that our nation may be true to its ideals and may accomplish its mission in the world.

We ask in the name of Christ, our Lord. Amen.

APPENDIX

ADDRESS

OF

SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE

OF MASSACHUSETTS

IN HONOR OF

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

BEFORE THE

CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1919

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

A tower is fallen, a star is set ! Alas ! Alas ! for Celin.

THE words of lamentation from the old Moorish ballad, which in boyhood we used to recite, must, I think, have risen to many lips when the world was told that Theodore Roosevelt was dead. But whatever the phrase the thought was instant and everywhere. Variously expressed, you heard it in the crowds about the bulletin boards, from the man in the street and the man on the railroads, from the farmer in the fields, the women in the shops, in the factories, and in the homes. The pulpit found in his life a text for sermons. The judge on the bench, the child at school, alike paused for a moment, conscious of a loss. The cry of sorrow came from men and women of all conditions, high and low, rich and poor, from the learned and the ignorant, from the multitude who had loved and followed him, and from those who had opposed and resisted him. The newspapers pushed aside the absorbing reports of the events of these fateful days and gave pages to the man who had died. Flashed beneath the ocean and through the air went the announcement of his death, and back came a world-wide response from courts and cabinets, from press and people, in other and far-distant lands. Through it all ran a golden thread of personal feeling which gleams so rarely in the somber formalism of public grief. Everywhere the people felt in their hearts that:

A power was passing from the Earth
To breathless Nature's dark abyss.

Theodore Roosevelt

It would seem that here was a man, a private citizen, conspicuous by no office, with no glitter of power about him, no ability to reward or punish, gone from the earthly life, who must have been unusual even among the leaders of men, and who thus demands our serious consideration.

This is a thought to be borne in mind to-day. We meet to render honor to the dead, to the great American whom we mourn. But there is something more to be done. We must remember that when History, with steady hand and calm eyes, free from the passions of the past, comes to make up the final account, she will call as her principal witnesses the contemporaries of the man or the event awaiting her verdict. Here and elsewhere the men and women who knew Theodore Roosevelt or who belong to his period will give public utterance to their emotions and to their judgments in regard to him. This will be part of the record to which the historian will turn when our living present has become the past, of which it is his duty to write. Thus is there a responsibility placed upon each one of us who will clearly realize that here, too, is a duty to posterity, whom we would fain guide to the truth as we see it, and to whose hands we commit our share in the history of our beloved country — that history so much of which was made under his leadership.

We can not approach Theodore Roosevelt along the beaten paths of eulogy or satisfy ourselves with the empty civilities of commonplace funeral tributes, for he did not make his life journey over main-traveled roads, nor was he ever commonplace. Cold and pompous

formalities would be unsuited to him who was devoid of affectation, who was never self-conscious, and to whom posturing to draw the public gaze seemed not only repellent but vulgar. He had that entire simplicity of manners and modes of life which is the crowning result of the highest culture and the finest nature. Like Cromwell, he would always have said: "Paint me as I am." In that spirit, in his spirit of devotion to truth's simplicity, I shall try to speak of him today in the presence of the representatives of the great Government of which he was for seven years the head.

The rise of any man from humble or still more from sordid beginnings to the heights of success always and naturally appeals strongly to the imagination. It furnishes a vivid contrast which is as much admired as it is readily understood. It still retains the wonder which such success awakened in the days of hereditary lawgivers and high privileges of birth. Birth and fortune, however, mean much less now than two centuries ago. To climb from the place of a printer's boy to the highest rank in science, politics, and diplomacy would be far easier to-day than in the eighteenth century, given a genius like Franklin to do it. Moreover the real marvel is in the soaring achievement itself, no matter what the origin of the man who comes by "the people's unbought grace to rule his native land" and who on descending from the official pinnacle still leads and influences thousands upon thousands of his fellow men.

Theodore Roosevelt had the good fortune to be born of a well-known, long-established family, with every facility for education and with an atmosphere of patriotism

and disinterested service both to country and humanity all about him. In his father he had before him an example of lofty public spirit, from which it would have been difficult to depart. But if the work of his ancestors relieved him from the hard struggle which meets an unaided man at the outset, he also lacked the spur of necessity to prick the sides of his intent, in itself no small loss. As a balance to the opportunity which was his without labor, he had not only the later difficulties which come to him to whom fate has been kind at the start; he had also spread before him the temptations inseparable from such inherited advantages as fell to his lot — temptations to a life of sports and pleasure, to lettered ease, to an amateur's career in one of the fine arts, perhaps to a money-making business, likewise an inheritance, none of them easily to be set aside in obedience to the stern rule that the larger and more facile the opportunity the greater and more insistent the responsibility. How he refused to tread the pleasant paths that opened to him on all sides and took the instant way which led over the rough road of toil and action his life discloses.

At the beginning, moreover, he had physical difficulties not lightly to be overcome. He was a delicate child, suffering acutely from attacks of asthma. He was not a strong boy, was retiring, fond of books, and with an intense but solitary devotion to natural history. As his health gradually improved he became possessed by the belief, although he perhaps did not then formulate it, that in the fields of active life a man could do that which he willed to do; and this faith was with him to

the end. It became very evident when he went to Harvard. He made himself an athlete by sheer hard work. Hampered by extreme near-sightedness, he became none the less a formidable boxer and an excellent shot. He stood high in scholarship, but as he worked hard, so he played hard, and was popular in the university and beloved by his friends. For a shy and delicate boy all this meant solid achievement, as well as unusual determination and force of will. Apparently he took early to heart and carried out to fulfillment the noble lines of Clough's Dipsychus:

> In light things
> Prove thou the arms thou long'st to glorify,
> Nor fear to work up from the lowest ranks
> Whence come great Nature's Captains. And high deeds
> Haunt not the fringy edges of the fight,
> But the pell-mell of men.

When a young man comes out of college he descends suddenly from the highest place in a little world to a very obscure corner in a great one. It is something of a shock, and there is apt to be a chill in the air. Unless the young man's life has been planned beforehand and a place provided for him by others, which is exceptional, or unless he is fortunate in a strong and dominating purpose or talent which drives him to science or art or some particular profession, he finds himself at this period pausing and wondering where he can get a grip upon the vast and confused world into which he has been plunged.

It is a trying and only too frequently a disheartening experience, this looking for a career, this effort to find employment in a huge and hurrying crowd which

appears to have no use for the newcomer. Roosevelt, thus cast forth on his own resources — his father, so beloved by him, having died two years before — fell to work at once, turning to the study of the law, which he did not like, and to the completion of a history of the War of 1812 which he had begun while still in college. With few exceptions, young beginners in the difficult art of writing are either too exuberant or too dry. Roosevelt said that his book was as dry as an encyclopedia, thus erring in precisely the direction one would not have expected. The book, be it said, was by no means so dry as he thought it, and it had some other admirable qualities. It was clear and thorough, and the battles by sea and land, especially the former, which involved the armaments and crews, the size and speed of the ships engaged in the famous frigate and sloop actions, of which we won eleven out of thirteen, were given with a minute accuracy never before attempted in the accounts of this war, and which made the book an authority, a position it holds to this day.

This was a good deal of sound work for a boy's first year out of college. But it did not content Roosevelt. Inherited influences and inborn desires made him earnest and eager to render some public service. In pursuit of this aspiration he joined the Twenty-first Assembly District Republican Association of the city of New York, for by such machinery all politics were carried on in those days. It was not an association composed of his normal friends; in fact, the members were not only eminently practical persons but they were inclined to be rough in their methods. They were not

dreamers, nor were they laboring under many illusions. Roosevelt went among them a complete stranger. He differed from them with entire frankness, concealed nothing, and by his strong and simple democratic ways, his intense Americanism, and the magical personal attraction which went with him to the end, made some devoted friends. One of the younger leaders, "Joe" Murray, believed in him, became especially attached to him, and so continued until death separated them. Through Murray's efforts he was elected to the New York Assembly in 1881, and thus only one year after leaving college his public career began. He was just twenty-three.

Very few men make an effective State reputation in their first year in the lower branch of the State Legislature. I never happened to hear of one who made a national reputation in such a body. Roosevelt did both. When he left the Assembly after three years' service he was a national figure, well known, and of real importance, and also a delegate at large from the great State of New York to the Republican national convention of 1884, where he played a leading part. Energy, ability, and the most entire courage were the secret of his extraordinary success. It was a time of flagrant corporate influence in the New York Legislature, of the "Black Horse Cavalry," of a group of members who made money by sustaining corporation measures or by levying on corporations and capital through the familiar artifice of "strike bills." Roosevelt attacked them all openly and aggressively and never silently or quietly. He fought for the impeachment of a judge solely because he believed the judge corrupt, which surprised some of his political

associates of both parties, there being, as one practical thinker observes, "no politics in politics." He failed to secure the impeachment, but the fight did not fail, nor did the people forget it; and despite — perhaps because of — the enemies he made, he was twice reelected. He became at the same time a distinct, well-defined figure to the American people. He had touched the popular imagination. In this way he performed the unexampled feat of leaving the New York Assembly, which he had entered three years before an unknown boy, with a national reputation and with his name at least known throughout the United States. He was twenty-six years old.

When he left Chicago at the close of the national convention in June, 1884, he did not return to New York, but went West to the "Bad Lands" of the Little Missouri valley, where he had purchased a ranch in the previous year. The early love of natural history which never abated had developed into a passion for hunting and for life in the open. He had begun in the wilds of Maine and then turned to the west and to a cattle ranch to gratify both tastes. The life appealed to him and he came to love it. He herded and rounded up his cattle, he worked as a cow-puncher, only rather harder than any of them, and in the intervals he hunted and shot big game. He also came in contact with men of a new type, rough, sometimes dangerous, but always vigorous and often picturesque. With them he had the same success as with the practical politicians of the Twenty-first Assembly District, although they were widely different specimens of mankind. But all alike were human

at bottom and so was Roosevelt. He argued with them, rode with them, camped with them, played and joked with them, but was always master of his outfit. They respected him and also liked him, because he was at all times simple, straightforward, outspoken, and sincere. He became a popular and well-known figure in that western country and was regarded as a good fellow, a "white man," entirely fearless, thoroughly good-natured and kind, never quarrelsome, and never safe to trifle with, bully, or threaten. The life and experiences of that time found their way into a book, "*The Hunting Trips of a Ranchman*," interesting in description and adventure and also showing a marked literary quality.

In 1886 he ran as Republican candidate for mayor of New York and might have been elected had his own party stood by him. But many excellent men of Republican faith — the "timid good," as he called them — panic-stricken by the formidable candidacy of Henry George, flocked to the support of Mr. Abram Hewitt, the Democratic candidate, as the man most certain to defeat the menacing champion of single taxation. Roosevelt was beaten, but his campaign, which was entirely his own and the precursor of many others, his speeches with their striking quality then visible to the country for the first time, all combined to fix the attention of the people upon the losing candidate. Roosevelt was the one of the candidates who was most interesting, and again he had touched the imagination of the people and cut a little deeper into the popular consciousness and memory.

Two years more of private life, devoted to his home,

where his greatest happiness was always found, to his ranch, to reading and writing books, and then came an active part in the campaign of 1888, resulting in the election of President Harrison, who made him civil service commissioner in the spring of 1889. He was in his thirty-first year. Civil service reform as a practical question was then in its initial stages. The law establishing it, limited in extent and forced through by a few leaders of both parties in the Senate, was only six years old. The promoters of the reform, strong in quality, but weak in numbers, had compelled a reluctant acceptance of the law by exercising a balance-of-power vote in certain States and districts. It had few earnest supporters in Congress, some lukewarm friends, and many strong opponents. All the active politicians were practically against it. Mr. Conkling had said that when Dr. Johnson told Boswell "that patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel" he was ignorant of the possibilities of the word "reform," and this witticism met with a large response.

Civil service reform, meaning the establishment of a classified service and the removal of routine administrative offices from politics, had not reached the masses of the people at all. The average voter knew and cared nothing about it. When six years later Roosevelt resigned from the commission the great body of the people knew well what civil service reform meant, large bodies of voters cared a great deal about it, and it was established and spreading its control. We have had many excellent men who have done good work in the civil service commission, although that work is neither adventurous nor

exciting and rarely attracts public attention, but no one has ever forgotten that Theodore Roosevelt was once civil service commissioner.

He found the law struggling for existence, laughed at, sneered at, surrounded by enemies in Congress, and with but few fighting friends. He threw himself into the fray. Congress investigated the commission about once a year, which was exactly what Roosevelt desired. Annually, too, the opponents of the reform would try to defeat the appropriation for the commission, and this again was playing into Roosevelt's hands, for it led to debates, and the newspapers as a rule sustained the reform. Senator Gorman mourned in the Senate over the cruel fate of a " bright young man " who was unable to tell on examination the distance of Baltimore from China, and thus was deprived of his inalienable right to serve his country in the postoffice. Roosevelt proved that no such question had ever been asked and requested the name of the " bright young man." The name was not forthcoming, and the victim of a question never asked goes down nameless to posterity in the *Congressional Record* as merely a " bright young man." Then General Grosvenor, a leading Republican of the House, denounced the commissioner for crediting his district with an appointee named Rufus Putnam who was not a resident of the district, and Roosevelt produced a letter from the general recommending Rufus Putnam as a resident of his district and a constituent. All this was unusual. Hitherto it had been a safe amusement to ridicule and jeer at civil service reform, and here was a commissioner who dared to reply vigorously to attacks,

and even to prove Senators and Congressmen to be wrong in their facts. The amusement of baiting the civil service commission seemed to be less inviting than before, and, worse still, the entertaining features seemed to have passed to the public, who enjoyed and approved the commissioner who disregarded etiquette and fought hard for the law he was appointed to enforce. The law suddenly took on new meaning and became clearly visible in the public mind, a great service to the cause of good government.

After six years' service in the civil service commission Roosevelt left Washington to accept the position of president of the board of police commissioners of the city of New York, which had been offered to him by Mayor Strong. It is speaking within bounds to say that the history of the police force of New York has been a checkered one in which the black squares have tended to predominate. The task which Roosevelt confronted was then, as always, difficult, and the machinery of four commissioners and a practically irremovable chief made action extremely slow and uncertain. Roosevelt set himself to expel politics and favoritism in appointments and promotions and to crush corruption everywhere. In some way he drove through the obstacles and effected great improvements, although permanent betterment was perhaps impossible. Good men were appointed and meritorious men promoted as never before, while the corrupt and dangerous officers were punished in a number of instances, sufficient, at least, to check and discourage evildoers. Discipline was improved, and the force became very loyal to the chief commissioner,

because they learned to realize that he was fighting for right and justice without fear or favor. The results were also shown in the marked decrease of crime, which judges pointed out from the bench. Then, too, it was to be observed that a New York police commissioner suddenly attracted the attention of the country. The work which was being done by Roosevelt in New York, his midnight walks through the worst quarters of the great city, to see whether the guardians of the peace did their duty, which made the newspapers compare him to Haroun Al Raschid, all appealed to the popular imagination. A purely local office became national in his hands, and his picture appeared in the shops of European cities. There was something more than vigor and picturesqueness necessary to explain these phenomena. The truth is that Roosevelt was really laboring through a welter of details to carry out certain general principles which went to the very roots of society and government. He wished the municipal administration to be something far greater than a business man's administration, which was the demand that had triumphed at the polls. He wanted to make it an administration of the workingmen, of the dwellers in the tenements, of the poverty and suffering which haunted the back streets and hidden purlieus of the huge city. The people did not formulate these purposes as they watched what he was doing, but they felt them and understood them by that instinct which is often so keen in vast bodies of men. The man who was toiling in the seeming obscurity of the New York police commission again became very distinct to his fellow countrymen and deepened their consciousness

of his existence and their comprehension of his purposes and aspirations.

Striking as was the effect of this police work, it only lasted for two years. In 1897 he was offered by President McKinley, whom he had energetically supported in the preceding campaign, the position of assistant secretary of the navy. He accepted at once, for the place and the work both appealed to him most strongly. The opportunity did not come without resistance. The president, an old friend, liked him and believed in him, but the secretary of the navy had doubts, and also fears that Roosevelt might be a disturbing and restless assistant. There were many politicians, too, especially in his own State, whom his activities as civil service and police commissioner did not delight, and these men opposed him. But his friends were powerful and devoted, and the president appointed him.

His new place had to him a peculiar attraction. He loved the navy. He had written its brilliant history in the War of 1812. He had done all in his power in stimulating public opinion to support the "new navy" we were just then beginning to build. That war was coming with Spain he had no doubt. We were unprepared, of course, even for such a war as this, but Roosevelt set himself to do what could be done. The best and most farseeing officers rallied round him, but the opportunities were limited. There was much in detail accomplished which can not be described here, but two acts of his which had very distinct effect upon the fortunes of the war must be noted. He saw very plainly — although most people never perceived it at all — that

the Philippines would be a vital point in any war with Spain. For this reason it was highly important to have the right man in command of the Asiatic squadron. Roosevelt was satisfied that Dewey was the right man, and that his rival was not. He set to work to secure the place for Dewey. Through the aid of the Senators from Dewey's native state and others, he succeeded. Dewey was ordered to the Asiatic squadron. Our relations with Spain grew worse and worse. On February 25, 1898, war was drawing very near, and that Saturday afternoon Roosevelt happened to be acting secretary and sent out the following cablegram:

DEWEY — HONGKONG:

Order the squadron, except the *Monocacy*, to Hongkong. Keep full of coal. In the event of declaration of war, Spain, your duty will be to see that the Spanish squadron does not leave the Asiatic coast, and then offensive operations in the Philippine Islands. Keep *Olympia* until further orders.

ROOSEVELT.

I believe he was never again permitted to be acting secretary. But the deed was done. The wise word of readiness had been spoken and was not recalled. War came, and as April closed, Dewey, all prepared, slipped out of Hongkong and on May 1st fought the battle of Manila Bay.

Roosevelt, however, did not continue long in the Navy Department. Many of his friends felt that he was doing such admirable work there that he ought to remain, but as soon as war was declared he determined to go, and his resolution was not to be shaken. Nothing could prevent his fighting for his country when the

country was at war. Congress had authorized three volunteer regiments of cavalry, and the president and the secretary of war gave to Leonard Wood — then a surgeon in the regular army — as colonel, and to Theodore Roosevelt, as lieutenant colonel, authority to raise one of these regiments, known officially as the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, and to all the country as the "Rough Riders." The regiment was raised chiefly in the southwest and west, where Roosevelt's popularity and reputation among the cowboys and the ranchmen brought many eager recruits to serve with him. After the regiment had been organized and equipped they had some difficulty in getting to Cuba, but Roosevelt as usual broke through all obstacles, and finally succeeded, with Colonel Wood, in getting away with two battalions, leaving one battalion and the horses behind.

The regiment got into action immediately on landing and forced its way, after some sharp fighting in the jungle, to the high ground on which were placed the fortifications which defended the approach to Santiago. Colonel Wood was almost immediately given command of a brigade, and this left Roosevelt colonel of the regiment. In the battle which ensued and which resulted in the capture of the positions commanding Santiago and the bay, the Rough Riders took a leading part, storming one of the San Juan heights, which they christened Kettle Hill, with Roosevelt leading the men in person. It was a dashing, gallant assault, well led and thoroughly successful. Santiago fell after the defeat of the fleet, and then followed a period of sickness and suffering — the latter due to unreadiness — where Roose-

velt did everything with his usual driving energy to save his men, whose loyalty to their colonel went with them through life. The war was soon over, but brief as it had been Roosevelt and his men had highly distinguished themselves, and he stood out in the popular imagination as one of the conspicuous figures of the conflict. He brought his regiment back to the United States, where they were mustered out, and almost immediately afterwards he was nominated by the Republicans as their candidate for governor of the State of New York. The situation in New York was unfavorable for the Republicans, and the younger men told Senator Platt, who dominated the organization and who had no desire for Roosevelt, that unless he was nominated they could not win. Thus forced, the organization accepted him, and it was well for the party that they did so. The campaign was a sharp one and very doubtful, but Roosevelt was elected by a narrow margin and assumed office at the beginning of the new year of 1899. He was then in his forty-first year.

Many problems faced him and none were evaded. He was well aware that the "organization" under Senator Platt would not like many things he was sure to do, but he determined that he would have neither personal quarrels nor faction fights. He knew, being blessed with strong common sense, that the Republican party, his own party, was the instrument by which alone he could attain his ends, and he did not intend that it should be blunted and made useless by internal strife. And yet he meant to have his own way. It was a difficult rôle which he undertook to play, but he succeeded.

He had many differences with the organization managers, but he declined to lose his temper or to have a break, and he also refused to yield when he felt he was standing for the right and a principle was at stake. Thus he prevailed. He won on the canal question, changed the insurance commissioner, and carried the insurance legislation he desired. As in these cases, so it was in lesser things. In the police commission he had been strongly impressed by the dangers as he saw them of the undue and often sinister influence of business, finance, and great money interests upon government and politics. These feelings were deepened and broadened by his experience and observation on the larger stage of state administration. The belief that political equality must be strengthened and sustained by industrial equality and a larger economic opportunity was constantly in his thoughts until it became a governing and guiding principle.

Meantime he grew steadily stronger among the people, not only of his own state but of the country, for he was well known throughout the west, and there they were watching eagerly to see how the ranchman and colonel of Rough Riders, who had touched both their hearts and their imagination, was faring as governor of New York. The office he held is always regarded as related to the presidency, and this, joined to his striking success as governor, brought him into the presidential field wherever men speculated about the political future. It was universally agreed that McKinley was to be renominated, and so the talk turned to making Roosevelt vice-president. A friend wrote to him in the

summer of 1899 as to this drift of opinion, then assuming serious proportions. "Do not attempt," he said, "to thwart the popular desire. You are not a man nor are your close friends men who can plan, arrange, and manage you into office. You must accept the popular wish, whatever it is, follow your star, and let the future care for itself. It is the tradition of our politics, and a very poor tradition, that the vice-presidency is a shelf. It ought to be, and there is no reason why it should not be, a stepping-stone. Put there by the popular desire, it would be so to you." This view, quite naturally, did not commend itself to Governor Roosevelt at the moment. He was doing valuable work in New York; he was deeply engaged in important reforms which he had much at heart and which he wished to carry through; and the vice-presidency did not attract him. A year later he was at Philadelphia, a delegate at large from his state, with his mind unchanged as to the vice-presidency, while his New York friends, anxious to have him continue his work at Albany, were urging him to refuse. Senator Platt, for obvious reasons, wished to make him vice-president, another obstacle to his taking it. Roosevelt forced the New York delegation to agree on someone else for vice-president, but he could not hold the convention, nor could Senator Hanna, who wisely accepted the situation. Governor Roosevelt was nominated on the first ballot, all other candidates withdrawing. He accepted the nomination, little as he liked it.

Thus when it came to the point he instinctively followed his star and grasped the unvacillating hand of

destiny. Little did he think that destiny would lead him to the White House through a tragedy which cut him to the heart. He was on a mountain in the Adirondacks when a guide made his way to him across the forest with a telegram telling him that McKinley, the wise, the kind, the gentle, with nothing in his heart but good will to all men, was dying from a wound inflicted by an anarchist murderer, and that the vice-president must come to Buffalo at once. A rapid night drive through the woods and a special train brought him to Buffalo. McKinley was dead before he arrived, and that evening Governor Roosevelt was sworn in as president of the United States.

Within the narrow limits of an address it is impossible to give an account of an administration of seven years which will occupy hundreds of pages when the history of the United States during that period is written. It was a memorable administration, memorable in itself and not by the accident of events, and large in its accomplishment. It began with a surprise. There were persons in the United States who had carefully cultivated, and many people who had accepted without thought, the idea that Roosevelt was in some way a dangerous man. They gloomily predicted that there would be a violent change in the policies and in the officers of the McKinley administration. But Roosevelt had not studied the history of his country in vain. He knew that in three of the four cases where vice-presidents had succeeded to the presidency through the death of the elected president, their coming had resulted in a violent shifting of policies and men, and, as a conse-

quence, in most injurious dissensions, which in two cases at least proved fatal to the party in power. In all four instances the final obliteration of the vice-president who had come into power through the death of his chief was complete. President Roosevelt did not intend to permit any of these results. As soon as he came into office he announced that he intended to retain President McKinley's cabinet and to carry out his policies, which had been sustained at the polls. To those overzealous friends who suggested that he could not trust the appointees of President McKinley and that he would be but a pallid imitation of his predecessor he replied that he thought, in any event, the administration would be his, and that if new occasions required new policies he felt that he could meet them, and that no one would suspect him of being a pallid imitation of anybody. His decision, however, gratified and satisfied the country, and it was not apparent that Roosevelt was hampered in any way in carrying out his own policies by this wise refusal to make sudden and violent changes.

Those who were alarmed about what he might do had also suggested that with his combative propensities he was likely to involve the country in war. Yet there never has been an administration, as afterwards appeared, when we were more perfectly at peace with all the world, nor were our foreign relations ever in danger of producing hostilities. But this was not due in the least to the adoption of a timid or yielding foreign policy; on the contrary, it was owing to the firmness of the president in all foreign questions and the knowledge which other nations soon acquired that President Roose-

velt was a man who never threatened unless he meant to carry out his threat, the result being that he was not obliged to threaten at all. One of his earliest successes was forcing the settlement of the Alaskan boundary question, which was the single open question with Great Britain that was really dangerous and contained within itself possibilities of war. The accomplishment of this settlement was followed later, while Mr. Root was secretary of state, by the arrangement of all our outstanding differences with Canada, and during Mr. Root's tenure of office over thirty treaties were made with different nations, including a number of practical and valuable treaties of arbitration. When Germany started to take advantage of the difficulties in Venezuela the affair culminated in the dispatch of Dewey and the fleet to the Caribbean, the withdrawal of England at once, and the agreement of Germany to the reference of all subjects of difference to arbitration. It was President Roosevelt whose good offices brought Russia and Japan together in a negotiation which closed the war between those two powers. It was Roosevelt's influence which contributed powerfully to settling the threatening controversy between Germany, France, and England in regard to Morocco, by the Algeciras conference. It was Roosevelt who sent the American fleet of battleships round the world, one of the most convincing peace movements ever made on behalf of the United States. Thus it came about that this president, dreaded at the beginning on account of his combative spirit, received the Nobel prize in 1906 as the person who had contributed most to the peace of the world in the preceding

years, and his contribution was the result of strength and knowledge and not of weakness.

At home he recommended to Congress legislation which was directed toward a larger control of the railroads and to removing the privileges and curbing the power of great business combinations obtained through rebates and preferential freight rates. This legislation led to opposition in Congress and to much resistance by those affected. As we look back, this legislation, so much contested at the time, seems very moderate, but it was none the less momentous. President Roosevelt never believed in government ownership, but he was thoroughly in favor of strong and effective government supervision and regulation of what are now known generally as public utilities. He had a deep conviction that the political influence of financial and business interests and of great combinations of capital had become so great that the American people were beginning to distrust their own government, than which there could be no greater peril to the republic. By his measures, and by his general attitude toward capital and labor both, he sought to restore and maintain the confidence of the people in the government they had themselves created.

In the Panama canal he left the most enduring, as it was the most visible, monument of his administration. Much criticized at the moment for his action in regard to it, which time since then has justified and which history will praise, the great fact remains that the canal is there. He said himself that he made up his mind that it was his duty to establish the canal and have the debate about it afterwards, which seemed to him better

than to begin with indefinite debate and have no canal at all. This is a view which posterity both at home and abroad will accept and approve.

These, passing over as we must in silence many other beneficent acts, are only a few of the most salient features of his administration, stripped of all detail and all enlargement. Despite the conflicts which some of his domestic policies had produced not only with his political opponents but within the Republican ranks, he was overwhelmingly reelected in 1904, and when the seven years had closed the country gave a like majority to his chosen successor, taken from his own cabinet. On the 4th of March, 1909, he returned to private life at the age of fifty, having been the youngest president known to our history.

During the brief vacations which he had been able to secure in the midst of the intense activities of his public life after the Spanish War he had turned for enjoyment to expeditions in pursuit of big game in the wildest and most unsettled regions of the country. Open-air life and all its accompaniments of riding and hunting were to him the one thing that brought him the most rest and relaxation. Now, having left the presidency, he was able to give full scope to the love of adventure, which had been strong with him from boyhood. Soon after his retirement from office he went to Africa, accompanied by a scientific expedition sent out by the Smithsonian Institution. He landed in East Africa, made his way into the interior, and thence to the sources of the Nile, after a trip in every way successful, both in exploration and in pursuit of big game.

He then came down the Nile through Egypt and thence to Europe, and no private citizen of the United States — probably no private man of any country — was ever received in a manner comparable to that which met Roosevelt in every country in Europe which he visited. Everywhere it was the same — in Italy, in Germany, in France, in England. Every honor was paid to him that authority could devise, accompanied by every mark of affection and admiration which the people of those countries were able to show. He made few speeches while in Europe, but in those few he did not fail to give to the questions and thought of the time real and genuine contributions, set forth in plain language, always vigorous and often eloquent. He returned in the summer of 1910 to the United States and was greeted with a reception on his landing in New York quite equaling in interest and enthusiasm that which had been given to him in Europe.

For two years afterwards he devoted himself to writing, not only articles as contributing editor of *The Outlook*, but books of his own and addresses and speeches which he was constantly called upon to make. No man in private life probably ever had such an audience as he addressed, whether with tongue or pen, upon the questions of the day, with a constant refrain as to the qualities necessary to make men both good citizens and good Americans. In the spring of 1912 he decided to become a candidate for the Republican nomination for the presidency, and a very heated struggle followed between himself and President Taft for delegations to the convention. The convention when it assembled in

Chicago was the stormiest ever known in our history. President Taft was renominated, most of the Roosevelt delegates refusing to vote, and a large body of Republicans thereupon formed a new party called the "Progressive" and nominated Mr. Roosevelt as their candidate. This division into two nearly equal parts of the Republican party, which had elected Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft in succession by the largest majorities ever known, made the victory of the Democratic candidate absolutely certain. Colonel Roosevelt, however, stood second in the poll, receiving 4,119,507 votes, carrying six states and winning eighty-eight electoral votes. There never has been in political history, when all conditions are considered, such an exhibition of extraordinary personal strength. To have secured eighty-eight electoral votes when his own party was hopelessly divided, with no great historic party name and tradition behind him, with an organization which had to be hastily brought together in a few weeks, seems almost incredible, and in all his career there is no display of the strength of his hold upon the people equal to this.

In the following year he yielded again to the longing for adventure and exploration. Going to South America, he made his way up through Paraguay and western Brazil, and then across a trackless wilderness of jungle and down an unknown river into the valley of the Amazon. It was a remarkable expedition and carried him through what is probably the most deadly climate in the world. He suffered severely from the fever, the poison of which never left him and which finally shortened his life.

In the next year the great war began, and Colonel Roosevelt threw himself into it with all the energy of his nature. With Major Gardner he led the great fight for preparedness in a country utterly unprepared. He saw very plainly that in all human probability it would be impossible for us to keep out of the war. Therefore in season and out of season he demanded that we should make ready. He and Major Gardner, with the others who joined them, roused a widespread and powerful sentiment in the country, but there was no practical effect on the army. The navy was the single place where anything was really done, and that only in the bill of 1916, so that war finally came upon us as unready as Roosevelt had feared we should be. Yet the campaign he made was not in vain, for in addition to the question of preparation he spoke earnestly of other things, other burning questions, and he always spoke to an enormous body of listeners everywhere. He would have had us protest and take action at the very beginning, in 1914, when Belgium was invaded. He would have had us go to war when the murders of the *Lusitania* were perpetrated. He tried to stir the soul and rouse the spirit of the American people, and despite every obstacle he did awaken them, so that when the hour came, in April, 1917, a large proportion of the American people were even then ready in spirit and in hope. How telling his work had been was proved by the confession of his country's enemies, for when he died the only discordant note, the only harsh words, came from the German press. Germany knew whose voice it was that more powerfully than any other had called Americans

to the battle in behalf of freedom and civilization, where the advent of the armies of the United States gave victory to the cause of justice and righteousness.

When the United States went to war Colonel Roosevelt's one desire was to be allowed to go to the fighting line. There if fate had laid its hand upon him it would have found him glad to fall in the trenches or in a charge at the head of his men, but it was not permitted to him to go, and thus he was denied the reward which he would have ranked above all others, "the great prize of death in battle." But he was a patriot in every fiber of his being, and personal disappointment in no manner slackened or cooled his zeal. Everything that he could do to forward the war, to quicken preparation, to stimulate patriotism, to urge on efficient action, was done. Day and night, in season and out of season, he never ceased his labors. Although prevented from going to France himself, he gave to the great conflict that which was far dearer to him than his own life. I can not say that he sent his four sons, because they all went at once, as everyone knew that their father's sons would go. Two have been badly wounded; one was killed. He met the blow with the most splendid and unflinching courage, met it as Siward, the Earl of Northumberland, receives in the play the news of his son's death:

> Siw. Had he his hurts before?
> Ross. Ay, on the front.
> Siw. Why, then, God's soldier be he!
> Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
> I would not wish them to a fairer death:
> And so his knell is knoll'd.

Among the great tragedies of Shakespeare, and there are none greater in all the literature of man, Macbeth was Colonel Roosevelt's favorite, and the moving words which I have just quoted I am sure were in his heart and on his lips when he faced with stern resolve and self-control the anguish brought to him by the death of his youngest boy, killed in the glory of a brave and brilliant youth.

He lived to see the right prevail; he lived to see civilization triumph over organized barbarism; and there was great joy in his heart. In all his last days the thoughts which filled his mind were to secure a peace which should render Germany forever harmless and advance the cause of ordered freedom in every land and among every race. This occupied him to the exclusion of everything else, except what he called and what we like to call Americanism. There was no hour down to the end when he would not turn aside from everything else to preach the doctrine of Americanism, of the principles and the faith upon which American government rested, and which all true Americans should wear in their heart of hearts. He was a great patriot, a great man; above all, a great American. His country was the ruling, mastering passion of his life from the beginning even unto the end.

So closes the inadequate, most incomplete account of a life full of work done and crowded with achievement, brief in years and prematurely ended. The recitation of the offices which he held and of some of the deeds that he did is but a bare, imperfect catalogue into which history when we are gone will breathe a

lasting life. Here today it is only a background, and that which most concerns us now is what the man was of whose deeds done it is possible to make such a list. What a man was is ever more important than what he did, because it is upon what he was that all his achievement depends and his value and meaning to his fellow men must finally rest.

Theodore Roosevelt always believed that character was of greater worth and moment than anything else. He possessed abilities of the first order, which he was disposed to underrate, because he set so much greater store upon the moral qualities which we bring together under the single word "character."

Let me speak first of his abilities. He had a powerful, well-trained, ever-active mind. He thought clearly, independently, and with originality and imagination. These priceless gifts were sustained by an extraordinary power of acquisition, joined to a greater quickness of apprehension, a greater swiftness in seizing upon the essence of a question, than I have ever happened to see in any other man. His reading began with natural history, then went to general history, and thence to the whole field of literature. He had a capacity for concentration which enabled him to read with remarkable rapidity anything which he took up, if only for a moment, and which separated him for the time being from everything going on about him. The subjects upon which he was well and widely informed would, if enumerated, fill a large space, and to this power of acquisition was united not only a tenacious but an extraordinary, accurate memory. It was never safe to contest with him on any

question of fact or figures, whether they related to the ancient Assyrians or to the present-day conditions of the tribes of central Africa, to the Syracusan Expedition, as told by Thucydides, or to protective coloring in birds and animals. He knew and held details always at command, but he was not mastered by them. He never failed to see the forest on account of the trees or the city on account of the houses.

He made himself a writer, not only of occasional addresses and essays, but of books. He had the trained thoroughness of the historian, as he showed in his "*History of the War of 1812*" and of the "*Winning of the West*," and nature had endowed him with that most enviable of gifts, the faculty of narrative and the art of the teller of tales. He knew how to weigh evidence in the historical scales and how to depict character. He learned to write with great ease and fluency. He was always vigorous, always energetic, always clear and forcible in everything he wrote — nobody could ever misunderstand him — and when he allowed himself time and his feelings were deeply engaged he gave to the world many pages of beauty as well as power, not only in thought but in form and style. At the same time he made himself a public speaker, and here again, through a practice probably unequaled in amount, he became one of the most effective in all our history. In speaking, as in writing, he was always full of force and energy; he drove home his arguments and never was misunderstood. In many of his more carefully prepared addresses are to be found passages of impressive eloquence, touched with imagination and instinct with grace and feeling.

He had a large capacity for administration, clearness of vision, promptness in decision, and a thorough apprehension of what constituted efficient organization. All the vast and varied work which he accomplished could not have been done unless he had had most exceptional natural abilities, but behind them, most important of all, was the driving force of an intense energy and the ever-present belief that a man could do what he willed to do. As he made himself an athlete, a horseman, a good shot, a bold explorer, so he made himself an exceptionally successful writer and speaker. Only a most abnormal energy would have enabled him to enter and conquer in so many fields of intellectual achievement. But something more than energy and determination is needed for the largest success, especially in the world's high places. The first requisite of leadership is ability to lead, and that ability Theodore Roosevelt possessed in full measure. Whether in a game or in the hunting field, in a fight or in politics, he sought the front, where, as Webster once remarked, there is always plenty of room for those who can get there. His instinct was always to say "come" rather than "go," and he had the talent of command.

His also was the rare gift of arresting attention sharply and suddenly, a very precious attribute, and one easier to illustrate than to describe. This arresting power is like a common experience, which we have all had on entering a picture gallery, of seeing at once and before all others a single picture among the many on the walls. For a moment you see nothing else, although you may be surrounded with masterpieces. In that

particular picture lurks a strange, capturing, gripping fascination as impalpable as it is unmistakable. Roosevelt had this same arresting, fascinating quality. Whether in the Legislature at Albany, the civil service commission at Washington, or the police commission in New York, whether in the Spanish War or on the plains among the cowboys, he was always vivid, at times startling, never to be overlooked. Nor did this power stop here. He not only without effort or intention drew the eager attention of the people to himself, he could also engage and fix their thoughts upon anything which happened to interest him. It might be a man or a book, reformed spelling or some large historical question, his traveling library or the military preparation of the United States, he had but to say, "See how interesting, how important, is this man or this event," and thousands, even millions, of people would reply, "We never thought of this before, but it certainly is one of the most interesting, most absorbing things in the world." He touched a subject and it suddenly began to glow as when the high-power electric current touches the metal and the white light starts forth and dazzles the onlooking eyes. We know the air played by the Pied Piper of Hamelin no better than we know why Theodore Roosevelt thus drew the interest of men after him. We only know they followed wherever his insatiable activity of mind invited them.

Men follow also most readily a leader who is always there before them, clearly visible and just where they expect him. They are especially eager to go forward with a man who never sounds a retreat. Roosevelt was always advancing, always struggling to make things

better, to carry some much-needed reform, and help humanity to a larger chance, to a fairer condition, to a happier life. Moreover, he looked always for an ethical question. He was at his best when he was fighting the battle of right against wrong. He thought soundly and wisely upon questions of expediency or of political economy, but they did not rouse him or bring him the absorbed interest of the eternal conflict between good and evil. Yet he was never impractical, never blinded by counsels of perfection, never seeking to make the better the enemy of the good. He wished to get the best, but he would strive for all that was possible even if it fell short of the highest at which he aimed. He studied the lessons of history, and did not think the past bad simply because it was the past, or the new good solely because it was new. He sought to try all questions on their intrinsic merits, and that was why he succeeded in advancing, in making government and society better, where others, who would be content with nothing less than an abstract perfection, failed. He would never compromise a principle, but he was eminently tolerant of honest differences of opinion. He never hesitated to give generous credit where credit seemed due, whether to friend or opponent, and in this way he gathered recruits and yet never lost adherents.

The criticism most commonly made upon Theodore Roosevelt was that he was impulsive and impetuous; that he acted without thinking. He would have been the last to claim infallibility. His head did not turn when fame came to him and choruses of admiration

sounded in his ears, for he was neither vain nor credulous. He knew that he made mistakes, and never hesitated to admit them to be mistakes and to correct them or put them behind him when satisfied that they were such. But he wasted no time in mourning, explaining, or vainly regretting them. It is also true that the middle way did not attract him. He was apt to go far, both in praise and censure, although nobody could analyze qualities and balance them justly in judging men better than he. He felt strongly, and as he had no concealments of any kind, he expressed himself in like manner. But vehemence is not violence, nor is earnestness anger, which a very wise man defined as a brief madness. It was all according to his nature, just as his eager cordiality in meeting men and women, his keen interest in other people's cares or joys, was not assumed, as some persons thought who did not know him. It was all profoundly natural, it was all real, and in that way and in no other was he able to meet and greet his fellow men. He spoke out with the most unrestrained frankness at all times and in all companies. Not a day passed in the presidency when he was not guilty of what the trained diplomatist would call indiscretions. But the frankness had its own reward. There never was a president whose confidence was so respected or with whom the barriers of honor which surround private conversation were more scrupulously observed. At the same time, when the public interest required, no man could be more wisely reticent. He was apt, it is true, to act suddenly and decisively, but it was a complete mistake to suppose that he therefore acted

without thought or merely on a momentary impulse. When he had made up his mind he was resolute and unchanging, but he made up his mind only after much reflection, and there never was a president in the White House who consulted not only friends but political opponents and men of all kinds and conditions more than Theodore Roosevelt. When he had reached his conclusion he acted quickly and drove hard at his object, and this it was, probably, which gave an impression that he acted sometimes hastily and thoughtlessly, which was a complete misapprehension of the man. His action was emphatic, but emphasis implies reflection not thoughtlessness. One can not even emphasize a word without a process, however slight, of mental differentiation.

The feeling that he was impetuous and impulsive was also due to the fact that in a sudden, seemingly unexpected crisis he would act with great rapidity. This happened when he had been for weeks, perhaps for months, considering what he should do if such a crisis arose. He always believed that one of the most important elements of success, whether in public or in private life, was to know what one meant to do under given circumstances. If he saw the possibility of perilous questions arising, it was his practice to think over carefully just how he would act under certain contingencies. Many of the contingencies never arose. Now and then a contingency became an actuality, and then he was ready. He knew what he meant to do, he acted at once, and some critics considered him impetuous, impulsive, and, therefore, dangerous, because

they did not know that he had thought the question all out beforehand.

Very many people, powerful elements in the community, regarded him at one time as a dangerous radical, bent upon overthrowing all the safeguards of society and planning to tear out the foundations of an ordered liberty. As a matter of fact, what Theodore Roosevelt was trying to do was to strengthen American society and American government by demonstrating to the American people that he was aiming at a larger economic equality and a more generous industrial opportunity for all men, and that any combination of capital or of business, which threatened the control of the government by the people who made it, was to be curbed and resisted, just as he would have resisted an enemy who tried to take possession of the city of Washington. He had no hostility to a man because he had been successful in business or because he had accumulated a fortune. If the man had been honestly successful and used his fortune wisely and beneficently, he was regarded by Theodore Roosevelt as a good citizen. The vulgar hatred of wealth found no place in his heart. He had but one standard, one test, and that was whether a man, rich or poor, was an honest man, a good citizen, and a good American. He tried men, whether they were men of "big business" or members of a labor union, by their deeds, and in no other way. The tyranny of anarchy and disorder, such as is now desolating Russia, was as hateful to him as any other tyranny, whether it came from an autocratic system like that of Germany or from the misuse of organized capital. Personally he

believed in every man earning his own living, and he earned money and was glad to do so; but he had no desire or taste for making money, and he was entirely indifferent to it. The simplest of men in his own habits, the only thing he really would have liked to have done with ample wealth would have been to give freely to the many good objects which continually interested him.

Theodore Roosevelt's power, however, and the main source of all his achievement, was not in the offices which he held, for those offices were to him only opportunities, but in the extraordinary hold which he established and retained over great bodies of men. He had the largest personal following ever attained by any man in our history. I do not mean by this the following which comes from great political office or from party candidacy. There have been many men who have held the highest offices in our history by the votes of their fellow countrymen who have never had anything more than a very small personal following. By personal following is meant here that which supports and sustains and goes with a man simply because he is himself; a following which does not care whether their leader and chief is in office or out of office, which is with him and behind him because they, one and all, believe in him and love him and are ready to stand by him for the sole and simple reason that they have perfect faith that he will lead them where they wish and where they ought to go. This following Theodore Roosevelt had, as I have said, in a larger degree than anyone in our history, and the fact that he had it and what he did with it for

the welfare of his fellow men have given him his great place and his lasting fame.

This is not mere assertion; it was demonstrated, as I have already pointed out, by the vote of 1912, and at all times, from the day of his accession to the presidency onward, there were millions of people in this country ready to follow Theodore Roosevelt and vote for him, or do anything else that he wanted, whenever he demanded their support or raised his standard. It was this great mass of support among the people, and which probably was never larger than in these last years, that gave him his immense influence upon public opinion, and public opinion was the weapon which he used to carry out all the policies which he wished to bring to fulfillment and to consolidate all the achievements upon which he had set his heart. This extraordinary popular strength was not given to him solely because the people knew him to be honest and brave, because they were certain that physical fear was an emotion unknown to him, and that his moral courage equaled the physical. It was not merely because they thoroughly believed him to be sincere. All this knowledge and belief, of course, went to making his popular leadership secure; but there was much more in it than that, something that went deeper, basic elements which were not upon the surface which were due to qualities of temperament interwoven with his very being, inseparable from him and yet subtle rather than obvious in their effects.

All men admire courage, and that he possessed in the highest degree. But he had also something larger

and rarer than courage, in the ordinary acceptation of the word. When an assassin shot him at Milwaukee he was severely wounded; how severely he could not tell, but it might well have been mortal. He went on to the great meeting awaiting him and there, bleeding, suffering, ignorant of his fate, but still unconquered, made his speech and went from the stage to the hospital. What bore him up was the dauntless spirit which could rise victorious over pain and darkness and the unknown and meet the duty of the hour as if all were well. A spirit like this awakens in all men more than admiration, it kindles affection and appeals to every generous impulse.

Very different, but equally compelling, was another quality. There is nothing in human beings at once so sane and so sympathetic as a sense of humor. This great gift the good fairies conferred upon Theodore Roosevelt at his birth in unstinted measure. No man ever had a more abundant sense of humor — joyous, irrepressible humor — and it never deserted him. Even at the most serious and even perilous moments if there was a gleam of humor anywhere he saw it and rejoiced and helped himself with it over the rough places and in the dark hour. He loved fun, loved to joke and chaff, and, what is more uncommon, greatly enjoyed being chaffed himself. His ready smile and contagious laugh made countless friends and saved him from many an enmity. Even more generally effective than his humor, and yet allied to it, was the universal knowledge that Roosevelt had no secrets from the American people.

Yet another quality — perhaps the most engag-

ing of all — was his homely, generous humanity which enabled him to speak directly to the primitive instincts of man.

> He dwelt with the tribes of the marsh and moor,
> He sate at the board of kings;
> He tasted the toil of the burdened slave
> And the joy that triumph brings.
> But whether to jungle or palace hall
> Or white-walled tent he came,
> He was brother to king and soldier and slave,
> His welcome was the same.

He was very human and intensely American, and this knit a bond between him and the American people which nothing could ever break. And then he had yet one more attraction, not so impressive, perhaps, as the others, but none the less very important and very captivating. He never by any chance bored the American people. They might laugh at him or laugh with him, they might like what he said or dislike it, they might agree with him or disagree with him, but they were never wearied of him, and he never failed to interest them. He was never heavy, laborious, or dull. If he had made any effort to be always interesting and entertaining he would have failed and been tiresome. He was unfailingly attractive because he was always perfectly natural and his own unconscious self. And so all these things combined to give him his hold upon the American people, not only upon their minds, but upon their hearts and their instincts, which nothing could ever weaken, and which made him one of the most remarkable, as he was one of the strongest, characters that the history of popular government can show. He was

also — and this is very revealing and explanatory, too, of his vast popularity — a man of ideals. He did not expose them daily on the roadside with language fluttering about them like the Thibetan who ties his slip of paper to the prayer wheel whirling in the wind. He kept his ideals to himself until the hour of fulfillment arrived. Some of them were the dreams of boyhood, from which he never departed, and which I have seen him carry out shyly and yet thoroughly and with intense personal satisfaction.

He had a touch of the knight errant in his daily life, although he would never have admitted it; but it was there. It was not visible in the medieval form of shining armor and dazzling tournaments, but in the never-ceasing effort to help the poor and the oppressed, to defend and protect women and children, to right the wronged and succor the downtrodden. Passing by on the other side was not a mode of travel through life ever possible to him; and yet he was as far distant from the professional philanthropist as could well be imagined, for all he tried to do to help his fellow men he regarded as part of the day's work to be done and not talked about. No man ever prized sentiment or hated sentimentality more than he. He preached unceasingly the familiar morals which lie at the bottom of both family and public life. The blood of some ancestral Scotch covenanter or of some Dutch reformed preacher facing the tyranny of Philip of Spain was in his veins, and with his large opportunities and his vast audiences he was always ready to appeal for justice and righteousness. But his own personal ideals he never attempted to thrust upon

the world until the day came when they were to be translated into realities of action.

When the future historian traces Theodore Roosevelt's extraordinary career he will find these embodied ideals planted like milestones along the road over which he marched. They never left him. His ideal of public service was to be found in his life, and as his life drew to its close he had to meet his ideal of sacrifice face to face. All his sons went from him to the war, and one was killed upon the field of honor. Of all the ideals that lift men up, the hardest to fulfill is the ideal of sacrifice. Theodore Roosevelt met it as he had all others and fulfilled it to the last jot of its terrible demands. His country asked the sacrifice and he gave it with solemn pride and uncomplaining lips.

This is not the place to speak of his private life, but within that sacred circle no man was ever more blessed in the utter devotion of a noble wife and the passionate love of his children. The absolute purity and beauty of his family life tell us why the pride and interest which his fellow countrymen felt in him were always touched with the warm light of love. In the home so dear to him, in his sleep, death came, and —

So Valiant-for-Truth passed over and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.